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JULY 1976
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Esquire

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the species:
We don't call them
animals for
nothing!



The joy of crunch

America's
eating habits
exposed



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See page 68
for a perfect second
wedding



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Richard Condon knows
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Olympics preview

How to tell
perfect from just
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ESB-7

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a diamond necklace. The hand is positioned on the right side of the frame, with fingers gently gripping the chain. The necklace is made of a fine, interlocking link chain, with several large, brilliant-cut diamonds set into it. The background is dark and out of focus, emphasizing the jewelry. The lighting highlights the facets of the diamonds and the texture of the chain.

Now that she is a little past 40,
she says birthdays are made to be forgotten.
Wait till she sees how I've forgotten her this year.

A diamond is forever.

Business and the arts

But I know what he wanted to call to your attention this month, so let me do it for him. If you'll turn to pages 16 and 17, you'll see the names of the winners of the Business in the Arts Awards presented each year by Esquire in cooperation with the Business Committee for the Arts. This is a program that Arnold Gingrich has been watchdog over with the greatest of care for the past ten years.

by government, and now, increasingly, by the business community nationwide. As the name indicates, these Esquire/R.C.A. Awards salute companies who have provided significant or distinctive support during 1975 for the fine arts, the performing arts or for arts organizations. This year there were over two hundred nominations from thirty-eight states and from Canada, England,

During the last years Equilar has been sponsoring those awards—the last eight of them in conjunction with HCA—a number of awards have become apparent: in general, winners are reaching more and more people, and the awards are becoming a communication across the arts to good for business, too. Specifically, direct financial support for the arts by private companies has, in those ten years, increased nearly six hundred percent.

But money isn't the only thing. And in recent years the requirements for the awards—experts are helping out in other ways. Equilar has realized that it routinely employs techniques and talents that can be used to good effect in arts projects.

From the first, corporations gave money most frequently to symphony orchestras and gave the largest amount of dollars in insurance, and this is so today. But three other categories are catching up, dance, theater and sports. Corporations seem to be paying attention to where the audiences are, particularly the younger audiences.

year, one winner being the Chubu-Nippon Broadcasting Company of Nagoya, Japan, which supplied two million dollars and a lot of tea-rooms to provide for the needs of three hundred twenty-five members of the Metropolitan Opera Company in its successful three-week tour of Japan.

programs of support for the arts but new programs as well. And there are plenty of interesting newcomers among the nominees, many of them lending a hand in unusual ways. For instance, there is Bird & Son of East Walpole, Massachusetts, founded in 1795 and one of the oldest companies in the country. Bird is a maker of sock-knitting machines and skeins and has been supporting an innovative runner the restoration and preservation of historic buildings across the country. For the

first time, a chamber of commerce is among the winners—that of the St. Paul, Minnesota, area, cited for its vigorous promotion of the arts in a variety of programs throughout St. Paul and its (Continued on page 32)

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JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

Golden muchacho

Frankie Duarte had the flu. Since Lusa was available to good Mexican boy, from Mexico. A left-hander. One hundred twenty-two pounds. Real Tumbado's manager said no. Twenty-two was too heavy. The contract with Duarte stipulated twenty. He didn't want his boy in with a southpaw. The matchmaker said Lusa would make one twenty. Real Tumbado's manager persisted. He didn't want his boy in with a left-hander. Even a left-hander Frankie Duarte had beaten. The matchmaker said it was Tuesday. The main event was Thursday. There weren't that many boys available on such short notice. It was a \$1,500 pay night on the window. Real Tumbado's manager said all right. Reluctantly. At one twenty. The other boy couldn't come in on one hundred twenty.

So wait the Thursday before the weekly Thursday-night fights at the Olympic Auditorium in downtown Los Angeles. The Olympic is a relic from another age, the last fight club in America with a weekly card, fifty-two weeks a year. When I was growing up, we would fight one night out of the fabric of urban life. I used to watch Willie Pep (has any fighter ever had a better name?) duels and ladder opponents at the muchacho Clifford Ambrose. We had no T-shirts or Peaches in real for us Hartford, so team to consume the local imagination, but we did have featherweight champions. Look! "Big" Kaplan. Big Butkins. Willie Pep. I think I know it now and it embarrasses me to remember that certain words heard on the radio could bring Lusa to my eyes.

From Hartford, Connecticut, the featherweight champion of the world, Willie Pep. I thrilled when Willie beat Chalky Wright for the title, I cried when he was slaughtered by Sandy Saddler the night he lost it, I sawed like the girls he duped at the Hartford ballroom. In the minds of memory, those girls are always blond and had what in my youth we called big knockers. The champion's girl friend with a pair of chaps that would knock your eyes out was in fact as much a part of my childhood as World War II. Even then were the days when the St. Louis Browns had a one-armed con-

ter feller, my athletic heroes, my "school idols" in the language of the sports pages, were curiously, actually poliostricken. I wanted to be Phil Terranova or Lalo Constantino or Al "Bummy" Benson. Every morning I went to mass early just to see General Ross, a good local boy, a welterweight always reduced to in *The Ring* and *Collier's* as a "wound pleaser," which meant he got hit a lot, hobbling and wearing behind his left shoulder as the way to the Corcoran cut, squeezing rubber balls to strengthen his hands. I used to think it was the only way to measure Corcoran (was I leered that the rap on his hands was that he had muchacho like potato chips).

And then the weekly fight game



collapsed. Terranova killed it, and properly and the opening up of professional team sports to black athletes, who no longer had to get their brains scrambled in order to escape the ghetto. There were no fighters and no audience and the weekly fight club where a good boy could burn his trade disappeared. Today Muhammad Ali is the most famous athlete in the universe, but I bet there is not one person in ten thousand who knows that Irish Art Haley is the number three ranked featherweight in the world or that Victoria Saldivar is 16 and 9 with 18 KO's. Nor did I, until I started to go to the fights again at the Olympic.

I suppose it was a matter of reintroducing myself to my youth. The Olympic is an anachronism, a fifty-year-old, ten-thousand-year-old historical that strikes of guns and lightning, issued to the roller game Saturdays

and to the westerns Wednesdays and Fridays. But it is the weekly fight card that the Olympic is special character. Historically, poverty has been the breeding ground of prizefighters, and in the Chicanos barrio of east Los Angeles is a ghetto peculiarly adapted to the perpetuation of the Olympic. It is a ghetto that seems comprised solely of flyweights, bantamweights, super-bantams, featherweights and lightweights. For a Chinese athlete, the road out of the barrio is limited. There are no undefeated, twenty-two-pound fight ends, no five-foot rebounding forwards, no featherweight home-run hitters. Without the Mexican small men, the weekly fights at the Olympic simply would not exist.

Over the years, the fighters who have filled the Olympic have had names like Art Aragon and Jason Pineda and Chico Andrade and Real Rojas and Bobby Chacon and Ricardo Romero and Baby Sal Bono and Enrique Johnson and Danny Lopez. In my green week, Mexican-Americans make up at least only percent of the paid attendance. It is said the Guion crowd that one week at the Bona or Lulu's games, some of the top agents are there as they are in their season-ticket boxes at Dodger Stadium. It is an audience of gold teeth and polyester pants and T-shirts and Arvid's badges. The big draw is a Mexican against an Anglo white hope and the crowd can grow ugly if a decision goes the wrong way. In 1968, the Olympic was quite frankly wrecked when a riot erupted after a Mexican favorite lost a close decision to a Japanese rival, flooring hill-billies, steel chains—anything that could be ripped and thrown—were tossed into the ring. Today every customer who enters the Olympic is jotted down police-style at the door in a check for hidden bottles of beer.

What makes the Olympic ultimately interesting, however, is neither the sociology of poverty nor the anthropological patterns that produce featherweights. It is the fight game itself. It is a game that by its natural logic or order of selection should be extinct, but which somehow persists, has managed to survive in the national league book, Golden Boy Study and San Champion. The Set-Up. Put

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JEAN STAFFORD

The Lardner family: Were they lost, daddy?

In *My Parents Remembered* (Harper & Row, \$12.95), author Ring Lardner Jr. says that recently he told the rights of a novel sketch by his father to an author friend in Pakistan. It is about the exile.

"We! I was born out of wedlock." "Mighty pretty country around there."

"I'm still waiting to hear how this looks up in India," said the author. He is credited, as must be all Lardner fans, by the revival of interest in his father's work in this country and the long delayed birth of interest in it abroad, when Berkeley it has been almost totally unknown. There are new collections of his stories in France, Yugoslavia, Romania, Norway and numerous other places. His son has been to predict what the impact will be. "The reader is not getting the same sense of the character speaking the line when 'I've now outlived taken me with a diary spell' is converted into 'I'm not the peasant in the center of the world' as it was in the original. This is a condition into Italian, he offers of 'And he gives her a look that you could pour on a wall,' made no powerful carline to know how it was in Italian. (Glad, for example, or because Lardner's great and possibly greatest) all-purpose life would come out. 'That up to explained."

Then Lardner, emerging through clenched teeth over a smoldering tongue, is and has been and will be credited annually by thousands as the perfect expression of last-ditch control over nerves about to jump into live wires. It has become so much a part of the American language that probably the majority of its users are fairly sure don't know its author and a good many of the old folk have forgotten (or never knew) that it comes from *The Young Immigrants*, an account of the removal, in 1910, of Ring and his wife, Ella, and four sons from Chicago to Connecticut. "Shot up he explained" is the reminder to the query by a four-year-old, "Are we lost daddy I asked Lardner?" The surprising answer question is put in the margin of Ring Jr., although the only child in the case, is truth, was John, the eldest. The three other boys, Joe, Ring Jr. (generally called

Bill), and David, traveled by train with their practically anonymous freeman, Miss Feldman, who remained with the family for eleven years. Miss Feldman's four years as only one of the strikingly peculiar circumstances the Lardner boys experienced, apparently without complaint or emotional damage.

The boys spent their earliest years in Greenwich, then moved to a large house in Great Neck, Long Island, with a tennis court and a playground with "gymnastic equipment and home plate for a baseball diamond" big enough to contain a Little League trip.

As part of Miss Feldman's plan for the building of strong bodies, the children slept on a screened porch in



all weather; this also had an extraordinary program of dietary practice. She believed that "if something was good for you, the more of it you consumed the healthier you became—a theory that caused enormous quantities of cholesterol to be introduced into one bloodstream. . . . From some source or other she had absorbed the message that vegetables and eggs were more beneficial when eaten raw. Experiments with various uncooked vegetables established that our resistance was resistant to lettuce with sugar and vinegar sprinkled on it, and this unique dish was the main ingredient of our evening meal for years, accompanied by milk and eggs so scantily boiled they couldn't qualify as solid food." Since Ring Jr. attributed his weakness for alcohol to the persistence of his own upbringing, he willingly fell into good step with the discipline "more serious

to an athletic training camp than a nursery."

The two guest rooms of the Great Neck house were more often than not occupied by cousins from Ring Jr.'s native Niles, Michigan, and later by Andrew schoolmates and writers. Ella was extremely hospitable and, leaving the logistics of meals and tidying up to Miss Feldman, who was platonous for management, she would be a courteous hostess to crowds, playing games and listening to her husband's weary, soul-sucking hour-long jokes. We are given a picture of an amiable happy and coherent family, severely afflicted—if, indeed, at all—by the meanness and the open-drinking of the patriarchs. When he had gotten into bad shape, Ring stayed in the city, sometimes for days, and when he was beginning to sober up, came home by taxi after the boys had gone to school. Except toward the end of his short life, his depressions were not sufficiently apparent to cast a pall. They are evident in many of his stories—firstmost, one of his masterpieces, is among the earliest in language—and have led his critics to call him a neurotic. By Ring Jr.'s definition, he was "a stridently cynical" and Dorothy Parker, a wise woman, wrote of "his strange, bitter city." He was too proud to impose his suffering on anyone else; probably his wife suffered, but if there were marital griefs and altercations, they were carefully shrouded. There was, fresh Ring Jr., no discussion of love between them from the time they first met at a warehouse near Niles.

All four of the sons mirrored as writers far earlier than their father had. Ring Jr. credits for this to the fact that they always knew they would be writers; when they were little more than infants their father began schooling them in the precise use of language, the mystery of idiom and the accuracy of reporting. They were born, all of them, with his wit, a wit so distinctive that in reading that book, I can hear overtones of both the writer's father and his brothers. "It's David died too young for us to have any idea what they really were accomplished, but it's actually clear that neither John's best writing achievement nor mine approach the level of our father's."

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SOUND AND FURY

His gel gel

If Billy Green saw your article (*Big Guy*, April), send it surely give you the finger. On page 52 you print a photo of Ben in 1971. On facing page 53 there is a photo of him a mere four years later. In 1975, Green, golly, was what, did living with Billy as fast to him? He has aged eleven ten or more years between pictures and not prints too. Someone must have captured the photo incorrectly.

Tell me true, his with Billy isn't really that bad, is it?
Durrett Wagner
Washington, D.C.

RAINDROP NOTE: We have no way of knowing *The fast* restaurant, the photo was captured incorrectly.

Washed lens

I enjoyed the images in your story *New You Can Tell a Beautiful Picture of Yourself* in the *Privacy of Your Own House* (April). However (I must say HOWEYER!) the technique is to place a UV filter over the lens and spray or place Vaseline on this filter. Never, never spray or put anything like Vaseline on a lens. Edward Keays, executive editor *Popular Photography*
New York, N.Y.

Catching falling stars

Thank you so much for Eric La's article (*The Great Celebrity Sex Breaker*, April).

In these troubled times, it is reassuring to think that in a year or two Valerie Harper, Telly Savalas, Carroll O'Connor and company will no longer be crashing down our cultural throats. I only wish you had included Chris Leachman.

Kurt Wilhelms
Lewistown, Ky.

Why in God's name did you leave out Cher?
Tony Crechdo
Shelton City, Calif.

Peasant gel

Both personally and as the producer of Jimmy Carter's political film pieces, I'd like to thank you for printing Helen Duden's well-researched and relatively unvarnished piece on Jimmy (*Jimmy Carter: His Good Tenth* and *Is America on Time*, April). In my capacity as Carter media co-

ordinator for TV, I take hearty exception to one point Ms. Duden made, however: She said that footage of the 1970 inaugural address, when Jimmy said frankly that "the time for racial discrimination was past," was inadmissible for TV spots but that we dropped the idea because Lester Maddox was in camera range. Wrong! That footage was and still is tailor-made for TV and we have indeed bought and love for it. Mr. Duden knows where it is, I wish she'd let me know. We'll have it on TV. Lester Maddox or no, before Lester could mount his bicycle backseat.

Bob Goebble
Philadelphia, Pa.

Jimmy Carter's possible better might be the expensive yet nutritious substitute for all of that anemic corned beef you have been feeding us all these years.

Two jars of Shippy in every cupboard!

Kenneth B. Lange
Macon, Ga.

Look, Ma, backhand!

Delton Haden's sensitive and sympathetic article (*Jimmy Carter's Mom*, April) really should have been reserved for the *Mother's Day* issue. What an incredible look at semi-voluntary emasculation.

D. Howard Swain
New York, N.Y.

I have some advice for Jimmy's mother: You're only on this earth a short time and all the money in the world would not make it worthwhile to put up with it. Go back to Paw and make up the home fire.

Solomon Pabst
Fort Worth, Tex.

Cancer ambrosia

Mr. McGrady's article (*The American Cancer Society Means Well*, but the *Jackie Clinic Means Better*, April) was informative concerning the *Jackie Clinic* but rather hysterical and at least partially incorrect concerning treatment procedures of the "American cancer establishment." McGrady lists three "hazardous tests" of the cancer establishment in the U.S. I know from recent personal experience in being treated that at least two of these three "hazardous tests" are being applied by rather establishment-type M.D.'s here in

New Orleans. I received chemotherapy within a short time after surgery and it was given in combination with radiation. I must admit hesitancy on the part of the local M.D.'s in routine chemotherapy without an adequate white count, but since I'm being treated on an out-patient basis I don't feel cheated. I seriously doubt that the New Orleans medical community devotes itself to the issues which is being done elsewhere, as it is not exactly noted for its medical approach to medical problems. This approach with its side questions many of the generalizations made by Mr. McGrady concerning U.S. medical research and treatment procedures.

Max Durbrowski Ph.D.

New Orleans, La.

Barry McGrady! The *Jackie* article was both enlightening and refreshing. Too bad we have to turn to Bonn, Germany, for a lesson in freedom and grace.

Ron Ellis
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Dear Abbie

I find it difficult to believe you were convinced that "intelligent" people would find overexposure the weapon, masochistic and affected surveillance of a lower-class drive poster and his pathetic wife (*Love Letters from the Underground*, April). What in God's name tempted you to publish such vulgar crap in your fine magazine?

Buk Youbees
Cincinnati, Ohio

Nice guys

I'd like to offer a rebuttal to that "unsubstantiated appraisal by a woman reader" (*Arnold Gingrich*, April). There are, to my mind, only three non-squid, general-interest, magazine currently being published in this country, and they are *Esquire*, *The New Yorker* and *Commentary*. Reports of the other three, *Esquire* is by far the best I've read (though the other two have their own particular pleasures and collections). I'm not sure I can explain what I mean by non-squid, but let me put it this way: when I read Mr. magazine—which I do as seldom as possible—I feel like a second-class citizen who has been locked into a stuffy ideological closet; when I read *Esquire*, I feel like a human being, an individual.

James N. Phillips
Providence, R.I.

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TAYLOR BRANCH

How I came to conventional wisdom

CA. Mason is over in Washington and Watergate remains hush hit with enough sex appeal to make this year's Presidential campaign seem as dull as it should. The situation is intolerable to conventional observers, and my day now we expect the press to begin leeching on thrones of responsibility. All the political characters will step for us in an effort to stir our hatreds or make us laugh with person.

Not me. Not this time. All I see is the Watergate scandal was special only in that a blue-collar crime occurred on to puff out moment of the Nixon era. Finally in the pits and able to vent his acolyte emotions (fill away) Great constitutional issues arise. What really emerged were the petty, Lousenian obsessions of politicians all across the board! Accusing me here in Washington, was not concerned with the fringe benefits of life. In truth, there wasn't even enough sanity to notice the crudeness of politics. Just a lower-grade landscape to keep reminding me of my own Washington experience.

It began in Chicago in 1968. After scouring Georgia for people without a record, I went to Chicago for the credential hearings before the Democratic convention. It was twenty-one, an adolescent, freshly political, and I saw the man drawn. The Vietnam war was hot and passion was high. Our racing group was simultaneously seized after many indecent backroom meetings, and I suddenly had to find money to bring rapidly summoned new delegates to my Georgia group. I had been hotel rooms in a city that had been booked for months. Even the YMCA was filled. I frantically huddled until John Bond called me from my room at the Conrad Hilton Hotel for a secret meeting. "You can't go on this one," he whispered as we rode down the elevator. "This could be the big move. Walk here for me!" I added shortly. A limousine approached in a huff, and John turned into the back seat. "Come quick, we're leaving a judge's house."

Two hours later a beaming John Bond checked back into the hotel. "Go with him," he said, pointing to the

car. "He'll be for you." A large bulk of a man who looked like a black some wrestler slapped me on the back and introduced himself as Mr. Turner. "Let's go get some hotel room," he said only, and he entered the driver to the Del Prado. I had asked the Del Prado for forty rooms just that morning and been laughed at like a schoolboy.

"It'd be forty double rooms for a week, becoming tomorrow," I said mockingly. As the hotel clerk gave me a withering look, Turner stepped from behind me, cranked his finger to become the clerk, and strode to the manager's office. He returned within five minutes, grinning. The clerk followed with his guest register and gasped at my direction.



Forty rooms would be available by noon the next day. My hand spun with visions of those Democratic patrons onto the street, but I tried to act like I knew what was going on. This guy Turner is heavy, I thought. John told me he was the chief liaison for Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims.

The convention proceeded to disaster. I felt righteous but somewhat desecrated as I searched in candlelight processions, watching the spotlight I was unceremoniously cut off and left out of the night and blood were close. Somehow I felt a hysterical identification with the bad guys.

After the 1968 campaign, I moved to Washington, became a journalist, and began writing stable stories as the machine I saw ahead. What we needed, I figured modestly, was more new perspective of our condition.

Whether I wrote on the IRS or the Senate or the heartbeats of the bureaucracy, my tone was generally the same. These are entertaining little exercises with some obvious moral flaws. I would say, but they can't be called themselves any more than Parker's dogs could reflect on their appetites. They can't see that an entire historical era is coming out of orbit, its last shock beginning to burn. I worked myself rich, and began working when I found myself matter over and over about the death of progress.

The 1972 campaign rolled around. I was asked when the Vietnam war drove me out of political retirement at twenty-five as chief McGovern fund-raiser and paymaster in the state of Texas. Raising money for George McGovern in Texas was like selling for Aesop in Tel Aviv. Communist Democrats sat close to me and my other hand raises out of their offices. Others really offered to give us some "insurance money" if McGovern became a respectable underdog in the pits.

All the campaign advisers bled decency and cooked up the idea of a "media blitz" fund-raiser. I hired an ad firm to produce an expensive TV spot featuring safely certified President Democrat as Texas paying tribute to the heritage of the Democratic party. Senator McGovern was scarcely mentioned, except on the day the city of Representative Wright Peters responded about how George McGovern bombed hell out of the Nazis in World War II. The spot was a masterpiece. Our TV buyers guaranteed sell over a million viewers.

I wrote almost a week after the ad was on and then portrayed earnestly to the post office. Our exchange P.O. box was absolutely blank. I was stunned and suspected foul play. I worried that our business would leak to the press and I swore the stuff to secrecy. I began sending sales to check the post office as I would be spared the embarrassment. Finally, a secretary came back triumphant with our first and only contribution. I tore open the ballpoint envelope and extracted a few sheets of pressed toilet paper, crated with excitement of uncertain value.

And early setbacks, I soon discovered an occasional board of the paymaster's job. Everybody hated me because I was always asking. Customers wanted me to pay for them to go on television, and most of lower officials wanted money for parties and rallies. They all wanted these credits were the key to the election. I agreed to the request of one particularly obscure county chairman and headed for the last-paper currency, which I had framed.

All the other campaign aides were audaciously carrying favor with the same Democrats who posted me for money, and they supported the wisdom of having only one all-purpose business. Since I had already been thrust into the role, I volunteered steadily. When a famous coalition of Chicago leaders demanded a meeting with the candidate, I told them the idea was as feasible as their money demands. They blurted me without mercy and accused me of loyalty to General Richard Taylor, a "bitch" of the Mexican-American war. To relieve myself, I managed to shoo them as audience into Richard Skriver's schedule, and the Chicagoan announced him at some length. Skriver performed magnificently. He pleaded guilty to every important crime in recorded history, repeated a few Spanish phrases, and concluded with some Zepher-like words of revolutionary fervor. The meeting ended in harmony.

The next day, however, black leaders called me in a rage. They could a candidate possibly meet with the Chicagoan before meeting with the blacks, in light of the established fact that there were more black voters? Barbara Jordan, spokesman of the Texas Black election officials, informed me that the black caucus would announce its non-endorsement of McGovern as means if the Senator himself did not meet with them before midnight. I panicked. I called the campaign plane on the Secret Service equipment and passed along the dire warning. The Senator was scheduled for a work stop in Houston before flying up to meet Mayor Daley. He was running late, and a hot-tempered dispute broke out on the plane. My George finally decided to take his meeting. All was harmonious again until the Chicago leaders asked to complete that I had made it impossible for them to face their constituents with honor. The blacks had met with McGovern, whereas they had been served a pure like Skriver.

I retired from active politics again after the Nixon landslide. Back in Washington, I wrote about Watergate, the corruption of the economy, the stress of (Continued on page 24.)

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

In 1960 Clay Felner, who was then an editor of *Esquire* and is now the editor of *New York magazine*, had what he thought was a pretty good idea for a magazine article. Why not, thought Felner, send a real literary writer to cover the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles? The usual newspapermen would be there to catch the votes and provide the routine politician coverage, but who would tell us what it all meant? It sounded like a good enough idea and Felner sent Norman Mailer to do the story. He wrote his justifiably famous *Superman Comes to the Supermarket*, which told us all a great deal about the country and about John F. Kennedy. There were those, Felner recalled, who thought the article just might have indicated enough votes to swing the self-audacious election in Kennedy's favor.

Whether or not the story had that much influence on the election, it certainly had strong influences on the way politics was covered from then on. If you were looking for a certain level of truth in political writing, you had to read somebody other than your best police reporter, *Los Angeles Times*. So we went with a winner in 1964 and sent Mailer to cover the conventions. And, once more, he did remarkable and important things.

Still, that story might not have been the last of his political conventions—or just about anything else, for that matter—and the burden fell on Rayburn to provide coverage like nothing any body had seen before. No sweat, and then editor Harold Hayes. The times being out of joint, he decided to send a team of writers who had shared deeply into the show. Larry Sanders, Jess Ginnell and William Bradford Huie. They covered the side while contributing editor John Sack covered the core. Their work was fruitful, a fine example of what we called back in those dark and innocent days, participatory journalism. Mailer was Harper's man that year. You can count on being startled when you have a good idea.

But how are you going to trip Southey, Ginnell, Huie and Sack in the streets of Chicago?

In 1970, Hayes tried to show us what we looked like to our enemies

Jack Chase from what we used to call Red China and Ginnell Huie from Russia covered the events in Miami along with Mr. Arthur Miller of *Roadside*, Connecticut. Miller's certainly not an enemy, though he's been called one by various extreme elements. We put him in the mix for graceful judgment and prose. After 1972, just about everybody felt we'd pushed a fuse to the very extreme. Everyone else was getting in on what used to be our act. *Maverick* had Gennep, Grout and Kurt Vonnegut down at Miami. Hunter Thompson was doing what he does for *Belling Street*. Felner had a host of writers down there for *New York Times*. This time Mr. Lewis was doing his usual fine, his job for *Life*. There were more writers than delegates at the Democratic convention. If the trend continued, *My Weekly Reader* and *Sports Illustrated* would send people this year. Sack was Editor in Chief of *Esquire's* *Playboy* in 1974 when he set out to read Richard Condon's *Winter Kills*.

Well there, thought Erickson, was the right sensibility for political coverage. Writing "The Condon was thought as likely as they are—or as we all have become accustomed to believing they are. Nothing is as it seems and somebody profits from every innocent accident. Also, and as I said, political this, Condon seems to own some fair prophetic gifts. Condon that he wrote *The Manchurian Candidate* back in 1958.

So Erickson dropped him a line in Ireland, where Condon and other writers live in order to take advantage of innocent tax laws. Would you, Erickson asked in 1974, like to cover the conventions for *Esquire*?

Condon said yes, he'd love to, and Erickson found his problems were solved. Then Condon took sick and decided that he couldn't take the wear and tear of travel. Erickson began to fret. Well, he thought, why not have Condon cover the conventions from Ireland? Well said him all the requisite material and he can send us his report. Before the conventions even began.

Condon agreed that it was a fine idea. A couple of months ago his plane arrived at our office. We haven't told a soul since we knew you'd want to be first to know.

It is a tough thing to say, but since Erickson has been through about four of these things now, we'll let him say it. "This may represent the limit. After all, if you have somebody 'cover' the conventions before they happen, you are going to have a hard time saying that I don't know! Maybe it indicates some sort of end. We took those earlier political stories awfully seriously. That doesn't seem to be true any longer. I guess we'll have to wait and see what happens in 1984." Or just ask Condon in '79.

On page 63 you will find a picture of Professor Lewis Conny, the world's foremost authority, rolling in a pile of notes. You'll have to study the picture closely to pick out Professor Conny. He's rolling in this bunch of notes to make this point: we are, all of us, surrounded by notes—the mechanical kind, the other kind, and the kind you get too for going and then you try and have them certified and committed. There is a lot to know about notes and David McDonald's article will tell you all of it. As for Professor Conny, more will be heard from him in the next few months. He is appearing in three issues. First, there is *Life*, in which he plays a talk-show host. Then a cameo in *Car Wash*, which stars Richard Pryor. Finally *Time*, in which he plays opposite Mario Tamm.

After Professor Conny left to tend to other business, the notes on the staff ate all the peanuts, which is the best use of a photo prop we have seen so far.

No talking where Tony Edgeworth found the prep he used for his picture of country singer and musical genius David Allan Coe on page 72. It is enough that he found Coe, who kept Edgeworth waiting in Dallas for almost eight hours. When he found him, Edgeworth pushed Coe, put him in the back seat of his car and took him to a location he had scouted earlier in the day. He had often wanted to get the picture he wanted before he had to drive another two hundred miles to catch a plane. (It's much too complicated to go into here.) Coe was a sweetheart, which is something you'd have a hard time believing after you look at the picture and read the article by Larry I. King, who has time to say about Coe: "I have chased a lot of records in this business, including Nelson Rockefeller. David Allan Coe might be my favorite, although I believe, if properly permitted, Bill Buckley might hit you in the mouth the quickest. Neither be nor Rocky could reel well, though. But they are better!" —G.N.

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HARRY CREWS

Pages from the life of a Georgia innocent

ERRORS HERE: There isn't much Harry Crews hasn't done in the twenty-plus years since he left Georgia. In the last seven years he has written no less than twelve novels, usually with religious, southern, juvenile, straight hitting and female. Nobody, not even Crews himself, is sure what will engage his attention next, but he has promised to tell the world about it in due space.

Not very long ago I went with my twelve-year-old boy to a Disney movie. One of those things that show a farm family, poor but God knows honest, out there on the land building character through harder and hard work. The longer and hard work seemed to be a hell of a lot of fun. The deprivation was fairly as rewarding you could hardly stand it. The farm was full of warm, fuzzy, furry, damp-soaked creatures, howling calves and baying males and dogs that were barked like people. There was a little pain here and there but just as much as would teach important lessons to all of us. It sometimes even brought a tear to the eye, but not a real tear because the tear only served to prove that a family out in the middle of nowhere scratching to the earth for survival didn't have it so bad after all. Somebody was forever putting and erasing the happy little animals, creating to die, as they were raised for slaughter, unrelated reasons, but surely not to be slaughtered and skinned and eaten. They were, after all, friends.

If some body got sick, just people like an old, rattling but trustworthy pickup truck and go off to town, where a kindly doctor would receive him immediately into his office and effect an instant cure by looking down his throat and asking him to say Ah. No question was made of payment.

As my boy and I came out of the movie, looking to the sunlight, it occurred to me that Disney and others—the folks who bring you *The Waltons*, say, or *The Little House on the Prairie*—had managed to sell this strange vision of poverty and country life not only to suburbanites, while the suburbanites drifted themselves with mad half and reports, but also to people in little towns

throughout the South who had proof in their daily lives to the contrary.

All fantasy. Now there is nothing wrong with fantasy. I love it, even live off it at times, but driving home, the reality behind the fantasy began to go bad on me. It seemed natural and dangerous to show so many smiles without an occasional glimpse of the skull underneath.

As we were going down the driveway, my boy, Ryan, said: "That was a great movie, huh, Dad?" "Yeah," I said. "Great?" "I wish I could've lived in a place like that," he said.

"No, you don't," I said. "You just think you do."

My grandmother in Bacon County, Georgia, raised hollers. They cheer-



ing bits of faith that city folk allow their children to equate to death at Easter. But city children are not the only ones who love hollers, hollers keep their too. Hollers like to swoon into the yard and carry off one imaged in their curved talons. Perhaps my grandmother, in her secret heart, knew that hollers even then were approaching the time when they would be on the calendar—specimen list. Whether she did or not, I'm sure she often felt she and her kind were already on the list. It would not do.

I'll never forget the first time I saw her get rid of a hawk. Chances, as everybody knows, are contributable. Let a birdy get a speck of blood as it from a scrape or a raw place and the other birdy will stamp out it alive. My grandmother passed up all the ladders except the pattern one, al-
ready half perched to death by the other one. Little bits of blood, and she

set it out in the open yard by itself. First, though, she put arsenic on its head. It—about five years old and sucking on a super-tail—new the hawk came in low over the fence, its red tail fanned, talons stretched, and with the pointed body where it squatted in the dust. The birdy never made a sound as it was carried away. My grandma grandmother watched it all with satisfaction before she let her other hollers out of the pen.

Another moment from my childhood that comes instantly to mind was about a chicken, too, a rooster. He was boss cock of the whole farm, a magnificent bird nearly two feet tall. At the base of a chicken's throat is its comb, a kind of pouch into which the bird voids food, as well as such things as grit, bits of rock and stuff. For reasons I don't understand they sometimes become crooked. The stuff in the comb does not move; it remains in the comb and smells and will ultimately cause death. There's what would have happened in the rooster if the cock who powerfully raised me hadn't said one day: "Son, we got to fix him."

He had the rooster's feet so we wouldn't be spurned and took out his controlling knife, based to a razor's edge, and sterilized it over a little fire. He washed a piece of fine fishing line and a needle in alcohol. He laid the rooster on its back, a wing in each hand. With the knife my uncle split open the comb, cleaned it out, then sewed it up with the fishing line. The rooster screamed and screamed, but it lived to be cock of the walk again.

Country people never did anything worse to their stock than they sometimes were forced to do to themselves. We had a man who farmed with us, a man from so north somewhere who had drifted down into Georgia with no money and a month full of bad teeth. Felix was his name and he was good with a plow and an axe, a hard worker. Most of the time you hardly knew he was on the place, he was so quiet and well-mannered. Except when his teeth began to bother him. And they bothered him more than a little. He lived in a shabby little room off the side of the house. The room didn't have much in it: a ladder-back chair, a kerosene lamp, a piece of (Continued on page 26)

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Media
NORA EPHRON

Missing Hazel

My friend Kenny does not feel as bad about the death of Hazel as I do. My friend Ann has been upset about it for days. My friend Martha is actually glad Hazel is dead. I cried when Hazel died, but only for a few weeks, partly because I was "in" at all verged. About three months ago, someone told me she was going to die, and since then I have watched every show appearing it to be her last. I knew she stuck her head into a dumbstruck to get some food for James, who had finally recovered enough from his war injuries to have an appetite, and I was certain the dumbstruck was going to crash onto her head and kill her instantly. Another time, when she and Lord Bellamy went to fetch James from a hospital in France (and Hazel and Georgina had a fight over whether he should be moved), I was sure the ambulance would crash on the way back Hazel lived on, though, show after show, until there came the thirteenth episode. As soon as they mentioned the plague, I knew that would be it. It was. The particular plague Hazel died of was the Spanish influenza, which, according to Alfred Coker, was the last true pandemic. I was sorry that Altmair Cooks had to marry more in my about the plague than he did about the death of Hazel, but perhaps he has become wary of commenting on the show itself after everyone (including me) had offends a sense of the show he had to say about George Bond.

Of course, Hazel should never have married James Bellamy in the first place. James is a big baby. Hazel should have married Lord Bellamy, which was impossible since Lady Margerie had just gone down on the Titanic. Or she should have run off with the up-and-coming male sex, which was impossible since he was killed on the very next show after she met him, along with Basil's fiancé, Gregory. (I never laid eyes on Gregory, but Kenny tells me he was a very interesting man, a natural rebel, who met Hazel by sitting on her couch.) Hazel's downfall was the show when she met the son, and they went dancing, and she wore a dress with tiny, delicate beads

strewn, and turned out to have the most beautiful back I have ever seen. But other than her back, and her fling with the son, and her occasional success in telling Heddon off, and her premature death, Hazel left something to be desired. Not as far as Ann is concerned, but certainly as far as Martha is concerned. "Let's face it," said Martha. "Hazel was a pill." In fairness, we might all be pills if we had had to spend our lives selling us a cheerfield coach every day, but that's no excuse, I suppose. Hazel was a pill (though not nearly as terrible a pill as August Adams and her entire family), and she really ought to have earned an older man who married nothing more than to go to bed early. Still, James



had no excuse to treat her so badly. Kenny is the only person I know who has a kind word to say for James, and here it is: "Remember there must be something good about him that we'll find out eventually." Actually, James did have a couple of good weeks there, when he returned from the front to report the army was dropping bombs, but I am told by a reliable source that his behavior was derivative of Margaret Season, and in any case, he shortly thereafter reverted to type. The worst James ever treated Hazel—aside from when she was sick and dying of the plague and he was playing rammy with his father's new house, the Scottish widow—was when she told her misadventure, and he boldly ignored her, and went off dancing with Cecily Grogan.

Which brings us to Cecily Grogan.

Martha doesn't much like Georgina either. This puzzles me. I am unfondled not like Hazel and liking Georgina, or not liking Georgina and liking Hazel, but not liking both of them? Georgina was a true enemy when she arrived in the Bellamy household, and she bent around with Dotty, who is the most unattractive thing in television history. (For example, when Hazel found out that Gregory had left her twelve hundred pounds, Dotty said: "Some people have all the luck." I read my case.) But Georgina has become a wonderful person, and I'm proud of her. Also, her face is even more beautiful than Hazel's back. As for the burning question preoccupying us all—will Georgina marry James now that Hazel is dead?—I say no. (Martha says yes.) Georgina sees through James. I know it. I see her marrying the senior-most officer she went off to Paris with, if only because she is the only person on the show smart enough to marry a man with one eye. Ann, on the other hand, does not trust Georgina as far as the eye goes. "I know she was a great nurse," says Ann, "but she reminds me of those bitchy women you went to college with who were great biology students. She has no heart." There is indeed some recent evidence pointing to Georgina's heartlessness: when Hazel died, she went off to a party. But the war was over, and who could blame her? I was far more shocked at the last-of-its-way Lord Bellamy behavior; he put off an Altmair Cooks-like remark about the plague itself, and that was that. Only Rose was magnificent about it. Ann thinks the reason everyone (except Rose) believed so unwisely about Hazel's death was that she was a petulant bourgeois and they had never accepted her. I disagree. I think it's possible that the same person who tipped me off about Hazel's death tipped off the Bellamy household, and they just weren't all that surprised when it finally happened.

Even Martha loves Rose. Rose reminds me, in some metaphorical way, of Lovette Suggers. She is so good, so honest, so pure, so admirable and so plucky. Being wise that Rose is going to leave the show now that she has come into all this money, but I say she'll never leave: the actress

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who plays *Rose* created the show itself, so she'll never be out of it. I sometimes wonder how they do get rid of people at that show. They sack Lady Marjorie, I read somewhere, because the actress playing her wanted to take a vacation in Europe. But what about Hattie? Did they know all along? Did they hire her in the beginning and say, "Look here, Hattie, we'll carry you through World War One, but then we're through?" Or did they have her planning to use her straight through the Depression? Did she do something to antagonize them? Did she know she was going to die?

We all know that Mrs. Bridges and Hattie are going to get married at the end of the next batch of episodes, which have already been shown in England. The reason we all know this is that the information was sneaked in the publicity of the actress who played Mrs. Bridges, who died of the flu in real life in 1924 a couple of weeks before Hattie died of the flu on television in America. Was this planned, too? Did they say to her, "Well, Mrs. Bridges, we'll give you a nice fat part for the entire series and carry you off to the better as the end, but shortly thereafter you'll have to die?" I wonder. It also makes me try going to feel about Mrs. Bridges and Hattie getting married. There's something a little too neat about it. Besides, Mrs. Bridges is a much better person than Hattie, who has a tendency to be a mouth-breathing hypocrite as well as a staunch defender of the British class system. All of this would probably be all right and deliciously in character except that it is beginning to look as if Hattie is going to personally, in microcosm, the entire rise of Fascism in Europe. And it is more concerned on this point than I am.

As for Edward and Daisy, they are a lot about like the Bellows household, but it is Nancy's theory that they are beginning to sound more and more like the three satans and Hester. Which is a shame, because I wish they would leave.

Here are more things we all agree on:

We are all terribly worried that Rose will never find a man.

We all miss Lady Marjorie a lot more than the Bellows do, and are extremely sympathetic in welcoming the Scottish widow's children.

We all think the best show of the year was the one with the scene in the train station with the dying and wounded soldiers. The second-best show was the one in which Gregory and the scold.

We would all like to know some of the technical details of the show—

how the writers are picked, how much of the plot is planned ahead of time—but it is too dangerous to find out. Someone, in the course of giving out this information, might let slip a crucial item of the plot. We would all rather die than know what is going to happen.

Mostly, we all wish *Downton*, *Downton* would last forever. **W**

Washington

(Continued from page 27) *family* disintegration. All these developments are, accordingly, without my grand theory, and I took some moral satisfaction from that even when my own marriage fell apart. A demonic urge soon drove me to study the C.I.A. in Miami. For months, I hunted page-by-page to the tabs of Cuban soldiers and photo-explosives experts who had served the C.I.A. under four Presidents. American C.I.A. officials confirmed many of the tales in classic scenes. One day they explained that the C.I.A. believes only in power and secrecy, making cooperation with the Mafia logically risible. He spoke matter-of-factly, like Sherlock Holmes.

From these disturbing daytime meetings, I returned each night to study the Mirra Bench glitter life, hanging out with ex-Tycoon cocaine dealers, crones, gamblers, movie stars, and retired officers of the American army. I wanted to find out the texture of this decadent frontier matched my inside impressions of politics. Then a reality warp began to hit me. I assumed that the world of the anarchical drug-trunk types was a measure away from the straitlaced world of the police-ranger-C.I.A. types. But I discovered these margins. They cross-pollinated at parties, restaurants, weddings and drug deals. At old flower-child memorials of size met an extremely death, and his friends shook me by saying he had met partners who had done him in for nothing. A Cuban source was later blown up by an auto bomb. After returning back to Washington, I finally cracked. Having despair of idealism at the top, I knew I could end as much depression at the bottom as I cared to look for. I felt wanted. I thought of a postcard picture of a friend who poured his last bit of young idealism into Martin Luther King's crusade—only to sit near Dr. King on an airplane fight and overhear him brag loudly about his affairs with women.

Dr. King quoted the Scriptures and said God had called him to the leadership. The episode helped drive the philosopher into contemplative despair.

side. I felt a strong desire to plant tulips for a living.

Washington continuously breeds and makes divisions. Indeed reporters love nothing better than to drink and exchange cynical stories on the art of politicians—their beguiling of the suburban liberal, the bacchanal habits of splendid white knights, bribes and threats over Supreme Court nominations, the private eyes who settle dirt in the capital. And yet, in print, they profess shock when these things break into the news, and they usually wind up presumably defending one candidate or another before the election. The art is to believe reporters sincerely, and so does the ambition to have the victor's blessing. It has already happened this spring, as was observed by Bob Aspin, Anthony Lewis, Richard Reeves, and Henry Fairlie have all loose their own judgment to enter the transcendental virtues of Jimmy Carter. A few words of Southern insecurity, some cerebral saucerments in the reporter, intelligent remarks on the need for less government and on the pollution problem in Washington, a new set, a small of victory, and we are off toward a peasant Cantor.

Most Washington inhabitants are not all that different from Chuck Colson—certainly no romantic about politics—whose entire life has been a succession of blind faith. First in the Monroe, then in Richard Nixon, then in Gerald R. Ford. Colson's job, that he would walk over his grandfather for Jesus. In private company, I have found him a sincere and self-righteous despite his prodigious underfunded funds for Nixon. But there is no question that he is motivated by a powerful urge to rescue himself with abuse. People migrate to Washington from such urges.

But Washington is a trend reform. It is filled with people who say that public attention to the staged under, the holy rules of policy and the never-ending procession of speeches. Of course, they scheme, profit, and make the market like big farmers. Thus we break out to public weathers, the face of directly to compete for stadium show business. It seems fitting that Hollywood and Washington have come together so dramatically in the new Watergate movie, which is based on the document that the press can wear the mantle of lawless better than politicians or bureaucrats. Like Hollywood, Washington is an insecure city that feeds on rumors, connections, and feeling opportunities. But it is still here, I came to Washington with the same yearnings as everyone else, and they did hard



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Mix your next martini with white rum from Puerto Rico.**



White rum martini

For the moment, the crowd is somewhere else drinking gin and vodka out of habit. And that suits you fine. It lets you concentrate on being you. Which means drinking a drink that starts out smooth and stays that way—the white rum martini.

White rum looks for all the world, like gin or vodka. But the first sip proclaims its distinctiveness. That unusual smoothness is the result of aging, required by

Puerto Rican law. Gin and vodka, on the other hand, are not aged at all. Not so much as a day.

And since 84% of the rum found in the U.S. comes from Puerto Rico, Americans seem to like what aging does for a drink.

So let white rum smooth out all the drinks you used to make with gin or vodka. It won't be long before you find the crowd in your corner.

PUERTO RICAN RUM



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A 100% Puerto Rican Rum

There is precious little room in politics between conscience and cynicism, and I have chosen my lower life now in an effort to stay honest in the search. Who can deny the moral importance of politics, I ask, when a list of all adults laid directly to government? In the neighborhood. When jungle drums are beating, I fight the temptation to make this serious business into some sort of moral game. Washington is a fine place to look for money, and it's great American theater, but it is the last place to look for personal belief. A fix maybe, but no success. I have my latest political evangelism under control for now, and I will wait no more of myself in this election than in my fervent desire to see the Crocker win the pennant. Bring on Jerry Ford and the glory of Niagara, Reagan's teeth, Roco's somersault, Carter's snafu, Anson's who's left, Ross Robert Play ball. ■

Harry Crews

(Continued from page 33) broken glass hanging on the wall over a pin of water where he placed his arm as once a week, a slab-board bed, and in one corner a chamber pot—which we called a ship jar—for use in the middle of the night when nature called. I slept in a room on the other side of the wall from the room I remember how old I was the night of his terrible toothache, but I do remember I was still young enough to wear a red velvet gown with five little pearl buttons down the front my grandmother had made for me.

When I heard him kick the ship jar, I knew it was his teeth. I just didn't know how bad it was. When the ladder-back chair splintered, I knew it was a bad hair, even for Felix. A few times that night I managed to slip off to sleep only to be jolted awake when he would run blindly into the then well separating us. He groaned and cursed, not looking but steadily, sometimes for as long as half an hour. Obviously, my mother would have fixed a hot plaster for his jaw or at least tried to do something, but he was a proud man and when he was really down from his teeth, he preferred to suffer, if not in silence, at least by himself. The whole house was kept awake most of the night by his thrashing and groaning; by the work pan being knocked off the shelf, by his broken thumping marrow being broken again, and by his loud changes into the wall.

See, our kindly country dentist would not have gotten out of his warm bed for anything less than

money. And Felix didn't have any money. Besides, the dentist was in town less often than we didn't have a nothing, trustworthy old trick. The only way we had to travel was two miles. And so there was nothing for Felix to do but what he did and it built practically no character at all. Looking back on it now, I can see that it wasn't even human. The sounds coming through the wall were as hell weren't human anyway. On a Georgia dirt farm, you rebuke everything—trees and least alike—to the lowest common denominator. And it was pretty low and pretty common. Not something you'd want to watch while you sit back heels and popcorn.

I was huddled under the quilts shaking with dread—my nerves were shot by the age of fear and so they have remained—when I heard Felix kick open the door to his room and thump down the wooden steps in his heavy baggy work shoes, which he'd not taken off all night. I couldn't imagine when he was going but I knew I wanted to watch whatever was about to happen. The only thing worse than my nerves in my country, which has always been witnessed by pity or compassion, a serious character failing in most serious but a nasty-sounding trait in Georgia when I was a child.

It was February and I wait out the front door barefoot into the frozen ground. I met Felix coming around the corner of the house. In the dim light I could see the creases in his eyes, the same creases you see in the eyes of a trapped fox when it has not quite been able to chew through its own leg. Felix headed straight for the well, with me behind him, shaking in my teeth. He pulled and twisted and pulled and never made a sound.

It took him a long time and finally as he fought with the pliers and with himself his brand fell stopped as thick he was. But on his back when the blood broke from his mouth, followed by the pliers holding a tooth with roots half an inch long. He got slowly to his feet, went running on his feet, and held the bloody tooth up between us.

He looked at the tooth and said in his old, recognizable voice: "What now, you sucklick?" ■

PLACE WE ARE, PLACE WE LEAVE

The hollow rancher for the door.
This is the place
A shadow through the glass has heard
and is approaching.

She bids me on, breaks the room on an aim with her smile,
she only then brings me here, so if ...
she didn't know, she can't remember, either.
It's in safe hands today.

If I could remember only we are here.
Before departing, I remind her.
Depressing empty, we depart all the same.

—RICHARD GRAM

len that was over the water. As he was drawing the bucket up at the first time.

"What the hell, boy? What the hell?" His voice was as mad as his eyes and he either would not or could not say anything else. He held the bucket and took a mouthful of the freezing water. He held it a long time, spat it out, and filled his mouth again.

He turned the bucket loose and let it fall again into the well instead of hanging it back on the rail where it belonged. With his cheeks swelling with water he took something out of the back pocket of his overalls. As soon as I saw what he had I knew beyond all belief and doubt some what he meant to do, and suddenly I was no longer cold but stood as the frozen ground in a hot passion waiting to see him do it, to see if he would do it.

He had a piece of wooden plank about the size of a half-dollar in his left hand and a pair of wire pliers in his right. He spat the water out and reached way back in his rotten mouth and put the piece of plank over a tooth. He bent his head down to the well and stuck the plank in over the sidekick. He took the pliers in both hands and immediately a forked wedge went in his forehead. The vein in his neck popped big as a pencil. He pulled and twisted and pulled and never made a sound.

It took him a long time and finally as he fought with the pliers and with himself his brand fell stopped as thick he was. But on his back when the blood broke from his mouth, followed by the pliers holding a tooth with roots half an inch long. He got slowly to his feet, went running on his feet, and held the bloody tooth up between us.

He looked at the tooth and said in his old, recognizable voice: "What now, you sucklick?" ■

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Esquire's Olympics Preview:

How To Know A Perfect Performance When You See One

by Gerald Astor

On July 17, in the second round of swimming events, Guggenberger swam and swam well from the blue of the open end of England, a billion-dollar tribute to the pursuit of perfection opens at Montreal under the title of the Games of the XII Olympic. For the following fifteen days, NBC's TV coverage will keep him, star-studded, island-captain, olympians and spectators the world's greatest athletes, who will run, jump, throw, swim, strike, guide, wear and shoot in an array of ordeals.

But perfection rarely holds out enough to be constructed by a camera lens. Indeed, until momentary Jim McKay as he sits across us of the time, or a camera flashes on the movement, we must know whether a US sprinter like Steve Williams has run a world record hundred meters at the Seoul World's Olympic Games, has outlasted Nadia Comaneci at Romania in the optional floor exercise for women gymnasts.

Does more significantly the camera moment shows the momentary employed by a body to produce a perfect shot put or a perfect Telenovela read TV supplies a highly glamorous version to the visual sense—the same way Twinkles's Radio Symphony provides an array of delight for the unwatched ear. But the enjoyment of athletes—as well as of music—arouses

with an intellectual knowledge of the dynamics, whether it is Twinkles's manipulation of notes or Twink's athletes's manipulation of muscle mass to move the shot seventy-one feet.

In track and field, perfection rests upon the most efficient application of muscle force to segments of the body. That recently techniques for running, jumping, and throwing improved long-distance, mostly as a result of a challenge showing the style of a champion.

In track and field, perfection rests upon the most efficient application of muscle force to segments of the body. (Pages 41, 43, 45 and 47)

Not patterns designed for ways at Twink's Olympic in the 1970s until the later generation of iron-bell men descended by trial and error that a certain, as yet the only thing that is improved by a test. Westerners had followed for the high jump until the steady progress reached higher altitudes. And now the top method, which benefited from a rule change that permits the height to land, over the world record. But where there refinements from all come out of gymnastics and superlatives, athletes is now on the case as the person of Israeli-born Gerdar

Arad. As director of research for Computers and Biomechanics, Analysis in Montreal, Massachusetts, Dr. Arad is about to begin a study and developing athletes' performance that involves a complex force. Since 1972, he has also been photographing athletes and looking the visual data into a computer, which in turn gives us a graphic report in terms of force, direction of force, acceleration and velocity of body parts. The computer analysis gives a quantitative measure of motion, from which Arad can select the necessary to perfect an athlete's performance. The only limitations are those of muscle and ligament. Using data from medical science, Arad knows at what point the human control begins to lose its own force.

What was on paper, however, often was out of the reality of the track—except that Arad has already submitted a number of expert chapters. Last November he watched Mac Williams, a three-time former Olympic medalist, as a 1974 Israeli Olympic. Based on calculations I made, says the biomechanical engineer, I could see Williams' disappointed too much muscular force overcoming the friction between his shoe and the ground. I told him to put water on the ground where his foot landed. He threw about two hundred thirty feet immediately. Until then, his best was two hundred thirty feet. The water reduced the friction drag. A different shoe, one that lowered



rational factors, would have brought the same result.

I also analyzed old Schmidt's pole vault throw. The computer information indicated he had been because he dropped his leg. After I pointed that out, Schmidt realized more than three hundred feet, much better than he had ever done.

Last year Arad studied Kansas City Royals pitcher Steve Niekro. "He's getting excellent velocity on the ball with his legs," Arad remarked to the Royals' coaches. "But he's going to have trouble with his knees. There's too much stress on it." The K.C. coaches turned pale. They thought Niekro's knee problems were a well-kept secret in Kansas City.

With his computer, Arad proves in the following pages that 1971 triple gold-medalist women Jesse Owens actually ran as fast as any current sprinter. Despite, however, was possible by a slow back, and shows that Soviet high jumper Yury Zhuravil could keep over eight feet if it's just pure anatomy to Arad's physical prognosis. According to Arad's charts, one hundred feet is within reach of modern shot putters. Finally Arad shows that heavy athletic women that perfection requires follow-through, the key is actually counterproductive.

In one Olympic category, gymnastics, perfection is achievable, easily because scores are rendered by judges who may

sway, if they're not trained, the highest possible results to a performer. But when you watch these events on TV, you really can't tell why one exercise is worth a perfect ten while a better one, equally pleasing to the viewer, registers a less than perfect 9.5.

Mural Grossfeld hosted a three-time member of the U.S. Olympic women's team and now the coach for all entries at

When you watch gymnastics on TV, you can't tell why one exercise is worth a perfect ten while another registers a less than perfect 9.5. (Pages 49 and 51)

Montreal, after some of the activities that escape the camera. The body must look slender or leaner you must have the quality of dance. The appearance cannot be just in the legs but in your entire appearance. Difficulty isn't all that counts. A gymnast must be able to come forward, backward and sideways.

She points out that perfection is not a relative thing; a routine movement executed properly scores a ten the same as a much trickier stunt done exactly right. Actually, in women's gymnastics, unlike the male competitors, a full dismount is

movement of great difficulty is supposed to end more than a similar score as an easier stunt. The principle is that a woman should not reach beyond her capabilities.

Currently rating a crop of gymnasts is a somewhat inexperienced in New York, Grossfeld observes that there is a definite advantage for the sporty-ground Karate and Judo of the world. "Their handling motion is so much less than that of all girls that they can do more in the limited space of a floor exercise. On the balance beam they also have more room to work than they have more distance with each movement. On the uneven bars, if you're tall you can do more in the bars and the beam can be adjusted to accommodate better women under five feet." Even in vaulting the floorwork involves less as girls. They can begin vaults and balance-beam practice sooner than first-floorer competitors in women's category: can protect from more easily where they move.

"The long-legged girls seem more graceful," says Grossfeld. On the other hand, the pressure on the lower half of the body works against women with big shoulders—and a better in just seems baggage.

In let the Games begin, and for the perfection discovered by Gerdar Arad and explained by Mural Grossfeld, the ones you can't see on the TV screen, read on.

In the '76 Olympics, all eyes will be on the 100 meters, the 800 meters, the 1500 meters and the postage meters.



Postage meters?

As teams of amateur athletes attempt to set new records during the '76 Olympic Games at Montreal, a team of Pitney Bowes employees will be quietly setting records of another kind.

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and mailing. We'll also have Tackmeters to count the tickets, plastic program cards produced by our Malco Plastics subsidiary, and labels and hand-held imprinters/applicators for price marking by official vendors made by our Monarch Marking Systems subsidiary.

Even if the Olympic Games aren't in your plans—but better paperhandling in—call one of Pitney Bowes' offices throughout the United States and Canada, and around the world. Or write to Pitney Bowes, 8564 Pacific Street, Stamford, CT 06904.

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Esquire's Olympics Preview:

THE PERFECT HUNDRED METERS
Current world record: 8.8 sec.
Projected outer limit: 9.6 sec.

Three factors determine speed in a sprint. The first is the reaction of the track. If it is soft or if it is slippery, horizontal force is absorbed or lost. If the track is hard and springy, none of the leg drive is dissipated. The second determinant is what Galileo Ansel calls "angular displacement of the leg joints." Whether it is an Olympic sprint or a slow walk to the bus, forward movement results from bending the three segments of the leg—hip to knee, knee to ankle, ankle to ball of the foot—into the horizontal plane. In mechanical terms, the total amount of angular displacement of these leg segments in a given period of time is a measure of how fast the leg is traveling.

The third element in sprint speed is the length of the leg segments. A sprinter with longer limbs covers more ground in each stride, although his angular displacement per movement in time may be the same as or even less than that of a shorter competitor.

Thus, by measuring both angular displacement per movement in time and leg length, Galileo Ansel can calculate the speed of an athlete regardless of the effects of external influences such as track conditions or wind. He uses this project several times a week, looking for which human can go.

Eddie Hart and Steve Williams, two U.S. sprinters who have equaled the hundred-meter world record of 9.1 seconds, were measured on computers with Jesse Owens, whose best time was 10.2. Owens and Hart both make an excellent start, clearing an equal angular displacement. Williams, close to Jesse, makes better legs than the others, moved his legs slower but covered more ground each step. Galileo Ansel's computer: a simple double bend of 11.1. Owens, who ran in a slower track—lower Hart and Williams. Comparing Owens, known for his start, to a man who runs in a hard surface, Hart, says Ansel.

What makes the ultimate speed? Rigidity of leg movement is a function of the neuromuscular system. "A coach could find the most promising sprinters," says Ansel, "by timing the knee-jerk reflex at rest." Other things being equal, longer legs with a smaller torso provide the optimum sprinter physique.

Although arm movement does add to the forward force, an arm's function is for preservation of torque or stability due to hip rotation. What does have modern computers are split shoes. These overcompensate for possible slippage. Every time those split shoes slip into the track, there is wasted pulling from out.

If all external conditions were ideal, Ansel figures that with a ten-percent increase in leg length over that of the best contemporary sprinters and with ten percent more muscle power than shown to date, a 9.6 hundred meters or an 8.8 hundred yards is possible. Greater speed would probably ruin muscles, says Ansel's boss.



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TRETOURN

[illegible]

The Olympic events schedule begins at 8 a.m. with the opening ceremony. The first medal events are the 100-meter sprints, the 100-meter freestyle and the 100-meter butterfly. The 100-meter sprint is the first medal event of the day. The 100-meter freestyle is the first medal event of the afternoon. The 100-meter butterfly is the first medal event of the evening. The 100-meter sprint is the first medal event of the day. The 100-meter freestyle is the first medal event of the afternoon. The 100-meter butterfly is the first medal event of the evening.

Sunday (7/11)
7:30-8 pm: Opening Ceremony 8:30-11
pm: Feature of the Medical Physics Society
Institute of the Oxford Conference

Summary (7/18)
2.8 g/m: 100%eff: 100%: 0.0000: 0.0000
4.0000: 2.8 g/m: 100%eff: 100%: 0.0000: 0.0000
0.0000: 0.0000: 0.0000: 0.0000: 0.0000: 0.0000

Manley (T/IR):
7:20:11 p.m. Estimated being seen sym-
metric, isometric swimming, diving, and
tail undulating.

Proteinase (1/100)
2-10 h, 37°C, cycling loading (loading pattern
during pyrosequencing possible variable)

Wednesday (T₁/M)
7:30-11:30 a.m. morning cycling lesson (with
rucksack, planning, monitoring, adaptation tip)

Thursday (7/28)
2:30-11 p.m., expansion testing cycling with
ring down loading

Friday, 7/11/11
 8:30 p.m. back and forth back up swimming
 Saturday, 7/12/11

12 Boon Z p.m., back and side exposure rain
and S-E C.M., back and side cooling breeze
swirling @ 1 m around on back and left
hand; assuming strong valley@S-W@Wing

Summary (3/200)
1. 50 & 52 gms. each and total (combined)
measures are approximately 1.50 x 1.50 gms.
each and total (combined) weighing are over 10
gms.

Materials (7/100):
3 100-cc. poly. cups, and 100-cc. graduated poly-
urea cylinders.

Twelve (12/01)
7:30-11 p.m. ordinary basketball league - 4000
11:30 basketball group wrestling

Wednesday 13 (80)
T 20-11 pm. Talk and lead group. Handoff
until 12g

Thursday 13/10
7.30-11.00 AM: 2004 and field leaving - sandring
11.00-12.00: 2004 - 2005 - 2006 - 2007 - 2008

Friday (T₁/20)
T 20 T1 (6h) rock and hard cementing again
low velocity/7 weathering

Examination (7/21)
3.7 pm. Back and feet leaving remaining
position. 7.20 to 7.40, back and feet leaving

7:10 a.m. Transition: Group Discussion

THE PERFECT HIGH JUMP
Current world record: 7 ft. 6 1/2 in.
Required water level: 4 ft. 20 in.

Humans appear to have been designed for horizontal rather than vertical movement, but the essence of the high jump is the mastering of enough vertical force to counteract gravity. The least the landed approach track achieved by simply pushing off the ground, high jumpers convert their horizontal velocity created by running into a vertical force. The conversion technique requires sudden deceleration as the athlete breaks his forward progress to achieve elevation.

Several factors are critical to achieve the maximum effective workday length. According to Gordon Arail's computations, as much as early removal of the power can be contributed from low-magnitude leg and torso. His analyses of W. Knudsen, the Soviet high jumper who formerly held the world record using a straddle jump style, as well as the two top fencers, 1982 gold medalist Dick Fosbury and current record holder Dwight Stones (jumps, feet out and a half inch), indicate that all three produce roughly the same force by using their two legs and

However, as the computer diagrams

show. Daniel's stroke demands much more backward force in order for him to convert his horizontal drive into a vertical one. He thus wastes a considerable amount of power. On the other hand, Dwight Stokes utilizes his muscular effort more efficiently without much loss in backward force.

And translated on his computer: Breast pumping tip style The evolution employed such information on Breast + horizontal velocity the speed of segments of his body, his leg length, the muscular force that he had developed during some of his leaps. When Breast tips jumped, his backmost knee or metatarsus was reduced in such that he cleared the bar at a kinetic seven feet eleven inches, almost two inches more than the world record.

Ariel insisted that the fence memorandum by the Islanding leg is a seven-foot jump-up-and-over fence seven feet high and 100 pounds for an athlete who weighs 160. If Dwight Brown could generate 1735 pounds of force at takeoff which is not unreasonable in view of his physical combination, he could jump eight feet four inches. But what would totally destroy the accepted logic for the high jump would be a forward leap instead of the backward leap. According to Ariel's analysis a dive-style jump with its massive load-bearing would bring an eight-foot-six-inch leap. The only analysis could be the crude linear



How to get out of bed in Montréal



Gently, open your eyes. What a restaurant we ate in last night! One of the best French cuisine meals I could ever imagine! I'll never forget it! Darling, what was the name of that restaurant?

Guide your left hand to the telephone receiver, dial Room Service with your right hand, order coffee and fresh buttered croissants.

Gee, if I had known Montréal was so close to home, I would have brought you here before. What a honeymoon we could have had in Montréal! Darling, wake up.

Full your pillow. Consider the day's possibilities. Well, we could visit Montréal's world-famous exhibition called Man & His World if it's crammed with exotic positions. Or, we could look at the special events previewing the 1976 Olympic Games. We could relax at a sidewalk café in the boutique district.

Cast your eyes over the sophisticated designer clothes that you've bought yesterday. And the intriguing souvenir handicrafts that you'll show off to the neighbours when you get home.

Then, after a gourmet dinner, we could stroll along the romantic pathways on top of the mountain overlooking downtown. We could visit Place des Arts, the spectacular cultural centre — there are usually renowned concert artists and performers there... Darling, you're sleeping on the guidebook.

Make up your mind. OK. We get an early start and do everything Darling?

Ease your left foot out of bed. Take your first steps toward another delightful day in Montréal.

Ah! Good morning, darling.

MONTREAL

Close to you, close to perfect.

Esquire's Olympics Preview: THE PERFECT LONG JUMP Current world record: 29 ft. 2 1/2 in. Projected new limit: 28 ft. 5 in.

The long or broad jump combines both the speed and the high jump in a fusion of horizontal and vertical forces. The force of the two components of force optimum at an angle somewhere less than forty degrees from the horizontal. Theoretically the best takeoff angle would be forty-five degrees, but the angle must be cut down because an erect human starts his flight with his center of gravity already several feet off the ground. This principle incidentally holds true for the best angle of flight with the javelin.

Evidence of what makes near-perfection in the long jump much in the past is available in the form of the bodies of track and field. At Mexico City, in 1968, Bob Beamon of the U.S. jumped twenty-nine feet two and a half inches over this a half foot beyond anything else before or since.

Using ideas of Beamon's jump, Ariel composed him on the computer with Randy Williams, the 1972 gold medalist. Beamon's best stride was one and a half inches longer than that of Williams. Beamon had achieved extremely high velocity just prior to takeoff. As he transferred his horizontal force into vertical force, Beamon kept the trunk of his body very rigid. "We have twenty-two frames in slow motion of the shock of walking or running," recalls Ariel. "Obviously,

even the best long jumpers collapse the trunk slightly as they absorb the shock of takeoff in the takeoff."

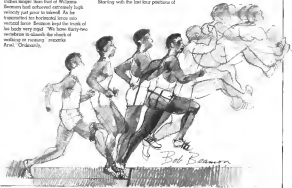
Beamon's ability to handle the forces without shattering was in his joints as well as in his more noticeable legs. He fused the forces from various segments of his body within 375 seconds from the time his foot touched the board. Other jumpers prepared at least one sixth of a second or more. Thus, Beamon's technique integrated a series of motions and combined more than one hundred sources of force in a near-perfect peak of synchronization.

His low leg contributed so much to thirty-five percent of Beamon's performance because of the runner's effective dissipation of the load. As Beamon proved, when a stopper about suddenly slows, the force within it must go somewhere. For example, throw your fist in the air. Stop the punch abruptly and you will feel the force in other areas of your body. But if you simply permit the arm to extend fully, you will experience little stress at the knee in your body. Starting with the last four pictures of

Beamon's low leg, the computer diagram of Beamon shows its movement slowed relatively. The deceleration force went into the jump.

Beamon's swinging arms served two functions. First in all, he disintegrated them to add more force on with his low leg. During his flight, the arms added no power but helped retain balance.

Ariel's computer analyses Beamon rolled up 1700 pounds of force in his leg just before he jumped. Medical research suggests that at this level the average muscle attachment to the leg will tear. Therefore, it is unlikely any human can significantly improve on the record of force manufactured by Beamon. When Ariel put all of the data into the slow long jump, he found that a twenty-seven-degree launch, one degree more than Beamon's would be optimal. It still would add only a tiny increment to the jump. Beamon's record probably will be unsurpassed in the near future.



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Esquire's Olympics Preview

THE PERFECT SHOT PUT
Classical world record: 71 ft. 8 1/2 in.
Projected outer limit: 105 ft.

While wandering among the athletes at a meet at Sports in 1972, Arvid paused to watch some East German shot put. He noticed their mastery in controlled motion. The Germans loaded the shot, placed weight with the back leg off the ground and the front leg, owning all the way to the basket or toe guard that runs the fourth circle. Inconspicuously, Arvid passed out the same to East German coaches. They promised to make responses to return their devices. However, Arvid saw that for all the talk, the East Germans kept right on lifting that back leg, making strong contact with the toe guard and throwing the shot goodly distances. Laid-blinded with sophisticated systems for biomechanical study, the East Germans had nevertheless discovered a previous secret for putting the shot maximum distance.

The shot put involves a lunge of forces generated by legs, thighs, neck, shoulders and arms into a vertical push against the ball, just before the weight leaves the hand, the athlete suddenly decelerates. The ball has momentum forward and applies the remainder force to the shot. When the rear leg is on the ground at the moment of deceleration, some of the force decelerates into the earth. But when the back leg lifts off, the force is thrust forward through the body. Force that might have gone into the ground goes to the shot.

When the back foot muscles against the toe guard, it releases a greater amount of deceleration, shot it to the athlete severely slowed himself by means of the friction of his shoe on the mark. Added deceleration means more force. One crucial on the East German style, the shot-putter needs strong knees to stabilize the shock of the deceleration.

Especially significant, Arvid's study shows that maximum force upon the shot comes before full extension of the arms, as the weakness of follow-through. It's analogous to whip action: swing a club at wood or a bat or golf club. Stop your swing suddenly. The tip of the shaft will whip forward and at a greater rate of acceleration than if you had simply followed through with a full swing. The deceleration applied by moving your arms is transferred along the length of the shaft and accelerated on the tip. That explains why mighty built baseball players, using their frenzied, whipping bats, hit home runs as well as their heavier midwesterners equipped with massive bats. Follow-through comes after maximum force has been brought to bear and it adds nothing. It may progress the athlete for the proper swing or follow but it detracts if the moment of contact or release comes after application of optimum force.

Although Terry Albritton looks the slenderest of all, seventy-one feet eight and a half inches, Bruce Oldfield is pre- and unplayable for the Olympic team, seventy-five feet. Oldfield's superiority exists on two levels: bigger and better. He is potentially stronger than Albritton. His second benefit lies in style. Albritton relies on the Perry O'Brien technique: straight low steps across the fourth circle. Oldfield uses a turning tactic: rises to the sixth circle, and it adds the greatest of overhead force.

When Arvid saw Albritton through his computer with a turning style, he produced a seventy-one foot throw. But when Oldfield was programmed into the machine with ideal conditions, back leg up, front foot to the basket, the latitudes as quick and using muscle force that he has passively shown, Oldfield "threw" eighty-eight feet. Furthermore, according to Arvid, the cause that Oldfield is able to extend his arms out from his body as he whips to throw the shot, the greater his power. If he can build up that shoulder and arm muscles to produce the maximum, Oldfield could reach to what's being one hundred feet.





From the first of the modern Olympic Games in 1896, the United States has always sent a proud, young team to compete.

It has always been our team, an expression of our people, because thousands of Americans believed in it and gave it their financial support. It is never been a government team.

At the next Olympic Games in 1976, our Olympic Team will continue to be our people-to-people representatives to the Nations of the World.

Whether it's a matter of pride, competitive spirit or simply civil service, we want to send our best. Every one of them.

It is a requirement of a task. Something the 1200 men and women Olympic Team members will be involved. This requires development, selection, transportation to and from the Games. Also uniforms, housing, food, medical care. Nothing fancy. But nothing third rate either.

With more than 200-million Americans, though, raising the money shouldn't be that big a mountain. We just need more diggers-in-the-packet to cut the mountain down to retreatable size.

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6-16

Created by Japanese male gymnast Mitsuo Tsukahara a few years ago, the Tsukahara vault over the side horse debate on a kneeling exercise of the Men's vault. Vaulters are entitled to two tries and one penalized one line run as long as they don't leave they touch the horse.

Esquire's
Olympics Preview:
THE PERFECT TSUKAHARA VOLT



1 Mitsuo Tsukahara, beginning vault over the first barrel, starts forward.



2 As he vaults, he begins to rotate. When the judges will not penalize him for the vault before he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



3 Flipping over the bar, Tsukahara's legs are as tight as the vaulters' as he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



4 As he vaults, he begins to rotate. When the judges will not penalize him for the vault before he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



5 Mitsuo's legs begin to rotate. Again the judges will not penalize him for the vault before he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



6 Mitsuo's legs begin to rotate. Again the judges will not penalize him for the vault before he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



7 As he vaults, he begins to rotate. When the judges will not penalize him for the vault before he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



8 As he vaults, he begins to rotate. When the judges will not penalize him for the vault before he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



9 As he vaults, he begins to rotate. When the judges will not penalize him for the vault before he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



10 As he vaults, he begins to rotate. When the judges will not penalize him for the vault before he reaches the bar, he will get a vault.



11 The last step of the vault is to get the ground to stop in a vault.

Photograph by Ben Ross

SUPER PSYCH.



Experience Starfire SX. Slide down in the new luxury highback bucket seat. Grip the short-throw stick on the available 5-speed over-drive transmission. Feel Starfire SX move you. Torque with suspension takes hold.

The gutsy 3.8 liter V-6 responds, and you climb higher.

The '78 Starfire SX hatchback. Built for the man who knows just at Oldsmobile, economy doesn't have to be dull.

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The **stag split leap** is a compulsory exercise that is also used as an optional movement in balance beam performance. Though it only vaguely resembles its opposite number in ballet, it still suggests dance, not traditional acrobatics.

Esquire's Olympics Preview: THE PERFECT STAG SPLIT LEAP THE PERFECT JUMP WALKOVER

1 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.



2 She pushes off strongly, with both feet right back and leg but her shoulders are too high. She could raise up instead of push.



3 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.



4 She achieves acceptable and acceptable. She is high enough and her forward leg is straight.



5 In her descent toward the balance beam, La Merce is in the necessary position of a performer. Her legs are split and her arms are straight.



6 On the beam surface, any imbalance or sign of balance problem. Her rear leg should be higher before it swings forward.



For men, extensively in the 1972 Olympics at Munich, the move known as an **animal walkover** on the balance beam is classified as an optional exercise. Basically it's an old-fashioned somersault accomplished on a piece of wood 3.3 inches wide and about four feet off the floor. The move requires great concentration and a strong initial drive.



1 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.



2 As the move, straight over, La Merce is in the necessary position.



3 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.



4 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.



5 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.

6 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.

7 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.

8 **La Merce** is a graceful leaper. She has good posture, her shoulders forward and her legs split.

RICHARD JOSEPH

Tours for people who hate tours

If you abhor traveling in packs, yet desire to see the Sakara at sunset, you're a perfect candidate for the growing number of offbeat tours that have been specially designed for the person who hates tours. From canoeing across the Beibre to shark hunting off the coast of Australia, there's an incredible number of offerings.

Many of the specialized tours are listed with travel agents, but in some areas the best trips are organized by associations. To explore the possibility of going, for instance, you must contact the Sarsaparilla Society of America in Los Angeles. For an archaeological dig, you could inquire of a nearby museum (many agents have), or the archaeology department of a university, or the American Tourist Office in the country you'd be interested in exploring. The research is half the fun.

In special tours, you aren't limited to intellectual excursions. Consider, for example, sex tours. A Japanese tour operator has packaged weekends in which Japanese gentlemen may tip over in Korea to enjoy a couple of days of high living, the temptations of local businessmen and joyful splittings for less than it would cost them just to get laid in Tokyo.

I am neither implying anything nor jangling to conclusion, but Pan American is working with a new tour operator called Kinetic Adventures in promoting an "Orion by Night" tour, described in its brochure as "a sixteen-day experience in pleasure and industry." The tour is a sunset and night life that will satisfy even the most hardy pleasure-seekers." Pan Am's publicity release goes on to say that the tour "thru some conventional tourist attractions for the vibrant after-dark attractions of the Orion." Other destinations are Bangkok, Hong Kong, Taipei, Seoul and Tokyo—some of which are particularly notable for its museums and ethnology—and daytime sight-seeing is an option not included in the program.

But a kissing party in Korea is on the schedule. A kissing party is a gentle party with some differences. The guests' dates are invited to fondle the guests with chopsticks and keeping their side eyes fixed,

giggling at their jokes and making conversation, singing, dancing and playing the saxophone when the party is over, she goes home to Manhattan or her long-term lover. The kissing business, however, is generally available for extracurricular romance.

Departures from New York or San Francisco are scheduled for every couple of weeks or so throughout the year. Flights from New York will be aboard Pan Am's new 547 SP's (special performance), jumbo whose added range enables them to make the hop to Tokyo nonstop. Cost of the tour is \$995 plus air fare included in the price are dinners at top restaurants, booze served at the nightly parties, and breakfast in bed. Reservations are extra.



Scope of the tour operators' imaginations these days seems limitless. Would you believe a shark-diving safari to Australia? The tour operator set just plain old run-of-the-mill sharks, mind you, what the tour members will be going after is the great white shark, as less—the same monster that in June has already scared millions of moviegoers out of a year's growth. If you saw the film, you'll certainly recall the classic scene in which Richard Dreyfuss goes overboard in a big steel shark cage; the shark then bears the cage to pieces and sends Dreyfuss sailing down to the ocean floor. Well, that sort of story is what the focus on this tour will be using as their shatter while phobias about food and whips.

Quite from the tour brochure might be useful in an once over side who going to bed some night when

they're being especially difficult. Now hear this:

"One boat (the bait boat) remains on the scene. Ship-to-shore radio contact is maintained constantly. . . we will return to the shark area at any moment we hear of the great white shark's appearance. Once he has been lured to the boat, he stays around for several hours—even days. Doesn't matter strong (very strong) shark cages covered alongside the boat to watch and photograph this legendary beast as he swims around and close by the cages. At times the shark comes within inches of the cage, gently nudging and testing them. And these sharks are twelve to sixteen feet long."

In fairness, all tour members will be guaranteed equal time with the shark, whether they're photographing with a still or professional underwater movie camera. Appropriate liability releases and a recent physician's report will be needed."

Sponsors of this amazing little caper are set, as you might imagine, gentlemen in long white coats but a most serious, reputable and responsible. San Francisco tour operator called Rex & Rex Travel Service, by whom we've dived on less lively ventures in the Galapagos Islands and Capri.

Departure date of the shark-diving tour from Los Angeles—if you're well with money January 20, 1977, and surviving members will return on February 12. The cost is \$4,900 plus air fare.

By way of other contrast with this watery expedition to Australia's Great Barrier Reef, there's a casual safari across the Simpson Desert of the Australian outback. A man by the name of Rex Ellis has caught wild camels in his native South Australia and brought them to many people without too much protest. "They're not as bad as their look," Ellis says. "They're easier to ride than horses, and it doesn't matter if you haven't ridden one before. The only trouble might be the amazing reaction—they cover both legs on one side forward at the same time."

Cost of the seven-day trip out of Adelaide is \$1,575 plus air fare. Ellis is running a number of other camelback itineraries, and you can get details from the Australian Tour-

SHAPE UP TIME!



MEN AND WOMEN: You can now measure your walking, jogging and hiking distances with one of these quality precision instruments as featured below each specifically designed to fit your personal needs. The ideal exercise companion: perfect gift for all occasions and all ages.

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The popular physical fitness distance recording instrument is a perfect companion for the hiker, runner, walker and leisure sportsman. The "Pedometer" accurately measures total recorded distance walked up to 25 miles. Features its own adjustment lever for personalized, individual accuracy. Easily attached to belt or clothing. Pushbutton action "click" records each step.

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YES! Please send my order as checked at right I enclose my check or money or your payable to "Wynfield House."

There's no secret to great home movies.

Just press here



The Kodak XL movie camera makes taking home movies easy. Just drop in a film cartridge, aim and shoot. It's that easy—indoors or out without movie lights.

And, to make things even easier, Kodak XL movie cameras have a unique binocular shape designed to help you hold the camera steady for clear, sharp movies. There are five models to choose from starting at less than \$100. (Model 340 shows, with zoom lens and coupled sports-type viewfinder, less than \$200.)

To discover a secret for great home movies for yourself, just remember the name: Kodak XL movie camera.



Kodak XL movie cameras

Prices are subject to change without notice.

on Commission in New York or Los Angeles.

And if you like canals so much, you might be interested in the series of African canal safari boats organized by Hanna Elewsky Travel, Incorporated, 88 West Forty-second Street, New York 10018, an outfit that specializes in offbeat and adventurous tour offerings. The safaris will be centered on Kenya's northern frontier district, and the area through which they will travel will be reserved for the twelve safari members for the duration of the trip.

Leading the safari will be Denis Zuparo, whose father was one of the first British administrators of the district after its settlement in the early 1900's. A retired game warden, the fifty-year-old Zuparo has run safaris for Prince Charles, President Tito, Charles Lindbergh and Ernst Henricsson.

The canals will be used to carry equipment, but most of the game viewing will be done on foot. No more than about ten miles of hiking will be planned for any one day. Accommodations will be in tented camps and in fly camps where beds aren't used, but beds are covered with mosquito nets. And don't worry—shower and toilet facilities are available.

Departures from New York are scheduled for September 17 and in January, June, July and September, 1977. Cost of the seventeen-day tour is \$2,800 plus air fare between New York and Nairobi.

Now if you prefer males to canals, we've got a better suggestion for a European vacation. The Swiss have put together a weeklong Alpine catback safari through the Volais sector of the southwestern part of the country, near the French and Italian borders. You take the train to Sion, where a bus meets you at the station and takes you to Blaud-Norden. Here you are introduced to your safari you spend the first night at a country inn. For the next five days you ride the bus and hike over Alpine trails, sharing the animal with another tour member and arriving each afternoon at a country inn where you have been warned to expect the arrival of the cat and will meet. On the seventh morning you're picked up at your last stop and you ride a bus back to the Sion railway station. Cost of the week's excursion is about \$800, including meals, cats, rooms at the inn and air fare. Departures are scheduled for every Sunday to July 4, and then from August 10 to October 17. However, the Swiss tourist office warns that travelers must be in excellent physical condition, and you can't explore each

of the same carefree feeling with less stress on the belt by opting for a Swiss tour by horse-drawn gypsy wagon.

There's an eight-day itinerary out of Lucerne, about twenty miles from Basel, with departures at any time in the summer and early fall. Only twelve to fifteen miles are covered in a day and overnighters are at small hotels and inns where accommodations have been set up in advance. Two wagons carry a barbecue grill and a small stove and coffee, a camping table and deck chairs. All inclusive cost of the trip is about \$170 each for two people and about \$15 per person for a third or fourth participant.

Should neither of these suit your vacation tastes, the Swiss National Tourist Office in New York, Chicago and San Francisco can give you information on buses and special programs and facilities for visitors interested in agriculture and dairy farming, antique architecture, engineering, art museums, health spas, fishing, forestry, food, historic sites, and castle hotels, music, sports, the theater, religion, canoeing, day-picnic shooting, fishing, flying, skiing, golf, hiking, horseback riding, mountaineering, sailing, summer shooting, sweater shows, orientalism, tennis and water-skiing.

Gypsywagons tours similar to those in Switzerland are also available in France and Ireland, but if you wanted to cover more territory with the same freedom feeling, you might take more easily to a European camping program being offered by KLM in cooperation with Continental Campers Incorporated of Boston. For \$115 to \$145 a week, depending on age of vehicle and the season, they'll rent you a VW campmobile sleeping three or four adults and containing tent, sleeping bags, air mattresses or fold-out sofa, table, chairs, stove and full camping equipment. Storage is included, but you pay for gasoline and campsite fees.

When you land at Schiphol Airport, just outside Amsterdam, you're met by a unique representative who takes you to the nearby Amsterdamse Bos campsite, where your vehicle is ready for you, and the free-standing adjustable tent is hoisted in to the camper as you can move right in to your floor first and last night at the campsite. If included in your tour cost—and the rest of your time wandering anywhere in western Europe—it's estimated to be \$10 to \$15. The company provides maps and details on more than three thousand campsites, and their representative will pick you up at your last day and drive you back to the airport. 49

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Esquire



**This is the sound of a human biting down
on a Pringle's potato chip. Why are
we showing you this sound? We show
you because the sound says a lot
about American life. Because
American life is a lot about...**

CRUNCH!

by Ron Rosenbaum

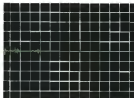
Maybe it all started with the Hershey's Krackel case, the one that tacitly approved the use of "harsh thrills" in TV commercials. The landscape decision in the Krackel case was handed down in July 1972 by the Federal Trade Commission's National Advertising Review Board, the Supreme Court of the ad industry's self-regulatory apparatus. The Review Board had convened a special panel to consider a complaint that a television commercial for Krackel candy bars, "through the use of exaggerated sounds of a child chewing a candy bar, created the misleading impression that there were 'harsh thrills' to be expected from eating the product." After much deliberation, and apparently some test chewing, the panel ruled that "although the sounds of a child chewing the candy bar were exaggerated, the commercial was not misleading. [The panel] noted that there is a cracking

sound that is audible when the bar is chewed, which is all the commercial promised."

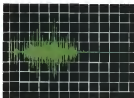
It took several years, but suddenly we are suffering the side effects of the Krackel case: the advertisers are responding with hideously "exaggerated" versions of the sounds of biting, chewing, lip smacking and crunching. But especially crunching. Where once these intrusive sounds had been confined to children's TV hours (the original Cap'n Crunch has now become an empire with spin-offs: Crunch Punch and Crunchberries), this year has seen an unprecedented invasion of prime time, where sounds of mastication are so pervasive they have called forth the icy disapproval of Good Housekeeping's Sporker of the House columnists: "Lead eating sounds are not allowable at any time," declared Charlotte Montgomery last November.

Certainly, the first-crunch war could not have earned her nod of approval. None of the violence on any of the

For Rosenbaum is a contributing editor of Esquire.



Electronically measured crunch texture researcher Dr. Zola Vickers, whose experiments are explained in the accompanying article, bites into a potato (left) and a Triscuit (right).



most violent of the actions above surpasses the sound and fury of this pitched battle between the crunch of, for example, Colonel Sanders' "extra-crunchy chicken" and Arthur Treacher's fried fillet of fish.

On any given evening, you can hear them battle it out with ear-shattering salutes purporting to be the sound made by bones into their fried delights. The Kentucky Fried restaurants show people shaken out of their seats by the "extra-crispy" crunch, although the sound accompanying this earthquake is rather subdued—something on the order of a wild bear crashing into a dry thicket. Arthur Treacher's fried crunch is equally loud but sounds somehow more dignified, like the electrocution of the Titanic shattering upon impact with the iceberg.

In between these blasts from the fast-food giants, the sounds of crackers and potato chip crunches assault the viewer with staccato bursts not unlike the concentrated automatic-machine fire of a B&W T team. One is tempted to speculate that the crunch crumb (in some need met by the silence that has settled over nighttime TV since the markets were silenced in Southeast Asia).

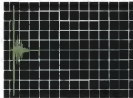
But to focus entirely on the warlike character of the crunch crumb would be to ignore the fascinating social (and even, as we shall see, religious) implications of the great Grape-Nuts swirl to crunch. The current Grape-Nuts campaign—the one hastily rushed onto TV after the sudden death of Earl Gibson—contains the unabashed sound of the Grape-Nuts crunch. Fast advertising for Grape-Nuts has demonstrated what might be called an unhampered reticence on the subject of its most audible asset. And might occasionally use the word "crunch," but they avoided the sound of crunch. While social strictures against audible masturbation is public still stand, as the *Good Housekeeping* lady will testify, the new Grape-Nuts approach indicates that attitudes toward solitary masturbation are becoming more permissive. Certainly more people are doing it and admitting they do it. A market-research poll sponsored by the Cereal Institute revealed that an increasingly large number of Americans eat cold-cereal breakfasts alone. The cereal industry credits that to "cheating life-style" (shutting work hours, as increase in the number of women working and not avail-

able to cook breakfast, etc.). But for some the attraction must be the license to chew loudly without guilt. The new Grape-Nuts commercial with its emphasis on the pleasurable sound of crunch reflects this pervasiveness, but the Grape-Nuts pitch does not go so far as to advocate public masturbation.

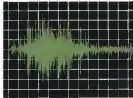
Figures don't bear out that far. The Figaro's campaign directly challenges inbred inhibitions about public crunching. The Figaro's lady sings, "There's a diet book/that you can crunch/out loud." She takes a loud, modern, Compton Girl approach to a repressive tradition: as long as it's done in a clean, wholesome way, there's nothing sinful about audible masturbation, even in public. There's nothing dirty about "sacred thrills," so long as they come from the proper diet bar.

Ironclad as the Figaro's crunch may be, more savage and apocalyptic manifestations of crunch have lately come to dominate American discourse. You can hear it in the doom-laden echoes of "energy crunch," "fossil crunch," the militantly aggressive "liquidity crunch." You can hear it in phrases like "when it comes to the crunch," "bore crunching," and the ever-elusive "Final Crunch." You can hear it in accounts of military marches such as this from Time on an Afghan offensive: "Backed by artillery rockets and helicopter air strikes, one column crushed through Akhorm . . ." And you can hear it in public crunch spectacles—demolition derbies and disaster movies—and, perhaps by implication, in the crunch of bones left out of Jews for reasons of decency.

What is this thing called crunch? It didn't take long for me to discover that there's a lively debate on crunch going on in the research and trade journals of the food science and technology industry. A large number of crunch studies have been undoubtedly inspired by the willingness of the big cereal companies to shrewdly grant grants and salaries to anyone who can tell them anything about as profitable a sound. And some of this research has produced less than inspiring results. There was the 1980 study of pickled cauliflower, which concluded that "barger pressure in pickled cauliflower is not responsible for its crispness." There was the 1971 study that established for all time that chewing a vanilla wafer soaked in milk does not produce as loud



Electronically measured crunch: Dr. Vickers bites into an almond (left) and, the most powerful crunch producer of everything she tested, a water-soaked green pepper (right).



a sound as chewing a vanilla wafer that has not been soaked in milk.

But there have been some generally intriguing studies that dig right down into basic questions of the theory of crunchiness. Two schools of thought—with different though not necessarily conflicting emphases—have emerged: the mouthful theory and the psycho-acoustical theory.

The key scientific document is a paper that appeared in the *Journal of Texture Studies*, published in the Netherlands (1971). The paper, awkwardly titled *Consumer Assessment of and Attitudes to Food Texture*, presents evidence that a deep-seated, fundamental human fear may lurk beneath the apparently simple enjoyment of crunchily "mouthful." We'll call that hitherto nameless dread Fear of Slime.

Texture Studies authors Alma R. Stenmark of the General Foods Corporation (between division) and Earl L. Kahn of something called Social Research Incorporated told seven years of interviews with consumers in cities all over the country. The interviewees apparently opened up and revealed deep reservoirs of fear about food—particularly about the possible treachery of certain foods once they're at large inside the mouth.

"Physiological factors play an extremely important role in shaping attitudes toward texture," report Stenmark and Kahn. "People appear to be extremely conscious of their ability or lack of it to control the food in the mouth. They feel the food may be dangerous when it has a texture which is not easily manageable. Crisp, chewy foods can be grasped firmly with the teeth and chewed into small bits which are swallowed with ease. Soft, smooth foods slide down the throat without a problem. But other textures are not so easily controlled."

The authors describe the difficult and unpleasant sensations produced by gummy, rubbery, doughy, stringy, alien textures. But they reserve their most dramatic language for slimy and sticky textures:

"Slimy, sticky, waxy textures get completely out of control and threaten to slide down immediately, whether or not the throat is ready to receive them. Sticky foods refuse to go down at all and instead adhere to the teeth, tongue, gums, and palate, causing discomfort and anxiety. Most people are extremely uncomfortable

with such textures." They fear that they will choke to death, that they will gag, that the food will be digested improperly."

Crunchy food, on the other hand, provides a reassuringly firm purchase on reality. It breaks down predictably into slivers, crumbles, solid agglomerates, offering the eater the simplicity and comfort of an orderly building-block universe.

Fear of slime is a just philosophical logic. Sartre sinks his teeth into it in a long discourse upon the primal quality of slime, something he describes as the essence of all that is alien, concrete and ungraspable. (Only he has nothing to say about crunch.) In the Deaky translation of the Bible, man himself is "created from the slime of the earth" by the God of Genesis, while—contrary to Sartre's speculation—would make sense the essence of all that is organic, though often, about the nature of man. All of which serves to show the limitations of defining crunch appeal solely as the converse of slime fear.

Stenmark and Kahn offer a more positive but rather elementary description of crunchiness: "It is linked with well-liked foods which are more indicative of pleasure and fun than of hunger and nutrition. Crunchiness is active, energetic and appealing. The term appears to denote a warm sensation similar to 'warmup' but it is used in reference to moist foods."

That last bit, that distinction between crunch and crunch on the basis of moisture content, is not universally accepted by crunch scholars. In fact, almost every general theory of crunch starts with a brand new attempt to define the difference between crunch and crisp. One cereal-industry market-research expert I spoke to sees a fundamental existential difference between the two: "You can have a crisp something that won't crunch," he points out. "Crisp is something on a pedestal," he says, as abstract virtue ascribed to a food before it enters the mouth. Crunch, however, is something that only comes into being in action. "Crunch," he says, "is something you know from chewing, your teeth tell you as you sink them into the food."

No person in the world has pursued the tricky question of crisp and crunch with more passion and thoroughness than Dr. Zola Vickers, scientist professor of food science at the University of Minnesota. Dr. Vickers

devoted her entire doctoral dissertation at Cornell University to development of a Psychoacoustical Theory of Crispness. It's a theory that caused a major breakthrough in the theory of crispness. In the past just the give someone on her work to several company executives and academics.

An unsuspecting reader of Dr. Vickers' dissertation will be startled to find, on page five of her one-hundred-seventy-five-page work, a set of remarkably data-looking equations, which seem to wrap up the whole crap and crunch issue.

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Crispness} &= 2.45 + .80 (\text{crunchiness}) \\ \text{Log Crispness} &= .79 - .79 (\text{log crunchiness}) \\ &\quad + 1.68 (\text{log crunchiness}) \\ \text{Crispness} &= .76 (\text{crunchiness}) + .19 \\ \text{Crispness} &= .73 (\text{crunchiness}) \\ &\quad - .18 (\text{crunchiness}) + .72 \\ \text{Crispness} &= .83 (\text{crunchiness})^{.72} \\ \text{Crispness} &= 1.04 (\text{crunchiness})^{.72} (\text{crunchiness})^{.72} \end{aligned}$$

Unfortunately it's just as simple as all this. "Those equations don't really tell you much," Dr. Vickers said when I reached her at her Minneapolis office. She explained that the equations were generated by a computer program applied to a survey of words people used to describe food—not to the qualities of crispness and crunchiness themselves.

In fact, Dr. Vickers told me, the first thing she discovered when she set out to explore the world of crispness was that there was no way to measure it. All sorts, people had been developing elaborate techniques for measuring the wrong things. The big cereal companies, she says, prefer to use "crushe" machines like the General Foods Texturimeter rather than vague and inaccurate real people to tell them about the textures of their cereals. Dr. Vickers describes the inadequacies of the needle tests, x-ray tests, force-deformation curves, all the machine measurements of crispness. She cites the pathetic case of the "shear force" measurement theory: in 1973, an academic study revealed that "shear force as measured by an Allouvier Shear Press was an excellent predictor of crispness in Colorado Red Delicious apples but not necessarily in other varieties."

Dr. Vickers gives credit to seventeenth-century philosopher Francis Bacon for suggesting to her a way out of this hopeless confusion over crispness and crunchiness and a way into her breakthrough psychoacoustical theory.

It was Bacon's threshold notion of the sensory process (a physical property causes an "intermediate phenomenon" which causes a mental perception) that gave Dr. Vickers the model for her psychoacoustical theory of crunch. She decided that the key intermediate phenomenon in crisp and crunch was not mouthful but sound, and that by studying the sounds produced by crisp and crunch she could learn more about their qualities than she could by sticking pickled cauliflower in the General Foods Texturimeter.

In the great tradition of scientific self-experimentation, Dr. Vickers proceeded to tape-record her own crunches. She taped herself crunching 400 London radish toast—first at medium speed, then extra slowly. She taped herself both biting and snapping Triscuits

and Fringle's potato chips. She taped herself biting fresh and wilted carrots, fresh and wilted celery, fresh, wilted, blanched and water-soaked green peppers. She did single-bite tapes of Brommer wafers, gingersnaps, almonds and saltines. "I decided to use the sound of my own mouth chewing because I thought the whole thing would be more uniform with one set of teeth producing the sounds," she said.

Then she fed the multitrack tapes into a spectrum analyzer to produce visual images of crisp and crunch. These pictures—"spectrum analysis displays" and "amplitude time plots"—offer many rewards. For instance, the powerhouse crunch of a water-soaked green pepper makes Fringle's seem flaccid by comparison.

But most importantly, painstaking study of her charts led Dr. Vickers at last to what she believed to be the definitive answer to the question of the distinction between crisp and crunch:

"Oh, sure, I can tell you that," she said. "The difference is that crisp is basically a higher-pitched sound made with the mouth open so that most of the sound that reaches the ear gets there through the air. The typical crunch sound is a lower-pitched sound produced with the mouth closed—and with a closed mouth the soft tissues of the mouth and gums absorb much of the higher-pitched sounds that might reach the ear through the air. Almost half the crunch sound that reaches the ear is not airborne but comes from direct bone conduction."

"Bone conduction?"

She explained that when the human jawbone crunches down on some meal's least, the crunch causes the jaw to resonate at a fairly constant frequency (160 Hz). This resonance travels directly through the mastoid process to the bones of the inner ear.

It's this bone conduction, of course, that makes the sound of one's own crunch seem louder to oneself than it does to an outsider, who hears only the airborne sounds that escape soft-tissue absorption. In identifying that 160 Hz jawbone hum as the essence of crunch, Dr. Vickers has made an incredible contribution. One is tempted to credit or blame her for the TV crunch craze, but the timing is not quite right.

"It's true that when I started giving the seminars there was, I think, only one of those crunch commercials on TV. Now there are so many. They must have had them really before my work came out; there must be other reasons."

She suggests one provocative explanation for the crunch craze: "One study I read somewhere said that a low-pitched sound is a comforting sound—something about the vibrations being psychologically soothing."

Clearly, there is in the secret attraction of crunch is in the vibratory pleasure of bone conduction. Crunch turns the jawbone into a personal vibrator that performs as aural massage on the brain. Dr. Vickers' notion of the soothing effect of low-pitched vibratory sound reminded me of something Allen Ginsberg had once written. According to Ginsberg, one of the pleasures of chanting mantras was that each mantra sound produced a unique physiological vibration in the upper palate, a vibration that "massaged the base of the brainstem, stimulating relaxation and accelerating spiritual awareness."

(Continued on page 274)

NUTS

by David McDonald



Not counting the twirling eyes,
how many nuts are in this picture?
Not counting the little pe,
how many nutty things are in the whole nutty world?
Could we nuts
and we're about to tell you. The crunch comes over loud.

December, 1944. It's the bottom of the month for the Germans on the Western Front. December 16: Marshal von Rundstedt captures the American First in the Ardennes and creates the famous Bulge. The town of Bastogne is threatened. The 101st Airborne Division, under acting commander General Anthony C. McAuliffe, is transported three hundred miles as trucks to set up a defense. The Tanks are outnumbered four to one, the town is soon surrounded. Things look bad for our boys. December 22: The Germans demand Bastogne's surrender. McAuliffe replies:

To the German Commander:
NUTS.
(Signed) The American Commander.

NUTS: THE EASIEST DAYS

Nut: ME nuts, OH nuts, nut is ON nuts. Now, nut, Swed nut, Dan nut, Do, nut, OHG nuts, MHG nuts. . .

Shakespeare's nut puns were among his worst. Consider "Thus wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because his eyes are hazel" (*Romeo and Juliet*). In Shakespeare's time, a nut was a nut, a plant seed or fruit that grew in a woody shrub or shell, something you ate. It was only in the last few years of his life that nut acquired its sexual peevish meaning: nut as mechanical failure—"I've small block of wood, iron, etc., placed, and warmed with a female screw, used to make a bolt fast, or to allow of its adjustment."

English proverbs, while often colorful—"An apple, an egg, and a nut, you may eat after a shut"—and occasionally quite sophisticated—"The peas as if she cracked nuts with her tale"—did little to advance the metaphorical possibilities of nuts. They were, however, decidedly ripe for such predictably trite maxims as:

"Women, asses, and nuts require strong bands."
(Italian)
"God often gives nuts to toothless people."
(Mediterranean)
"God gives us nuts, but He does not crack them."
(German)

This was the Dark Ages of Western Nut Humor.

It had to be always been so. The Roman wit Martial got a few chuckles when he said, "I don't want to lose my nuts." What Martial referred to, at least in the first instance, was a Roman custom whereby the young bridegroom, as he led his bride to the temple, entrusted nuts to signify his commitment of childish pleasures, among which was playing with nuts, the Roman equivalent of shooting marbles. To assume adult responsibilities, then, was to be lashed with nuts, the Roman equivalent of childhood was replete of nuts. Thus, of course, was what Catullus had been talking about more than a century before: "Give nuts to slaves, boy; your time is past; you have played with nuts long enough." And there was Ptolemy the Elder, that astronomical historian, who, somewhere in his thirty-seven-volume

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Naturalis Historia, mentions a case of *in vitro* filio, a copy of the *fiat se* seed it could fit in a nutshell.

Nut was first used in a political sense in the late 1500s, initially as a synonym for the glass pane (then, by the way, being Latin for ass). *Nutshellisms* with nut as glass pane was the common name of satirical as tartaric; nuts has been used for decades for caricature and has generally eclipsed satirical in popular speech.

The following chestnut refers for much of its hilarity on the comedian's ability to remove a person with a speech defect of some sort, ideally a harelip:

The comedian went into the candy store looking for a treat.

"Hello, mister," he stammered, "how much are your peaches?"

The proprietor, spotting an easy mark, replied, "Two dollars a pound."

"Gee," gasped the comedian, "that's a lot of money, mister. How much are your platanos?"

"Platanos! They're, uh, three-fifty a pound."

"Gee," moaned the comedian, "that's a lot of money, mister. How much are your cucumbers?"

"Cucumbers? Five dollars a pound."

"Five dollars!" exclaimed the comedian, "Mister, can you tell me one other thing?"

"What?"

"What's that on your neck?"

"On my neck?" said the proprietor. "Why, that's a mole."

"Gee," said the comedian, "I thought it must be your belly button, your nuts are so high."

"[He] was nuts upon the Kidney because he is well known," wrote the English satirist Francis Grose in 1793. This was the first record of nuts meaning food, nuts upon meaning food of. By 1803, the adjective nutty had gained acceptance; in 1820, Lord Byron described a smartly dressed young lady as, "So prim, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing." The verb to nut naturally followed and it meant to spite or to cheat, a usage that faded by 1890. Richard Dean's 1940 classic, *Two Years Before the Mast*, gave us: "This was nuts to us, for we liked to have a Spaniard wet with salt water," nuts, in this case, meaning a pleasure. All these pleasurable connotations likely derived from the custom of having nuts for dessert on special occasions. An over-the-top epitaph from the same period:

"Mary Anne has gone to rest,

Safe at last on Abraham's breast.

Which may be nuts for Mary Anne,

But is certainly rough on Abraham."

It was in the mid-1800s that nut began to refer to the human head. At first, nut meant what was inside the head—dreams or intelligence. Soon came the expression to be nutted, which meant to be deceived or tricked or outsmarted.

By 1870, boxing jargon held nut to mean a blow to the head. An 1873 work called *Strengers and Pipefins* took this direction one step further: "There are the men who go off their nuts by the time they're worth a shilling or so." The shift from nut (intelligence and reason) to nut (easy conquest of these faculties) was almost complete.

There was, though, one last flourishing in England for nuts as smart, or well turned out. In the Byronic sense. By this time, however, reluctance to nut were invariably satirical. This was best typified by Arthur Wingpin's 1906 dirty, "Gilbert the Philist, the Colonel of the Kumbi," a sat (often jocularly spelled nut or kumbi) being a dumb, especially one who was stupid in a cheap way.

Nowadays when you tell someone a nut you're more likely to get away with it than in the old days. But it sure afterwards that it used to be, not necessarily out of your mind, just a touch eccentric. "Simple little nut," wrote Fitzgerald as far back as *The Side of Paradise* (1920).

Plain nuts meaning plain nuts happened with the advent of the talies in 1935, I.L. Menckin, in *The American Language*, notes on them that appeared in the July 19 1935, issue of *Vernia*. It seems that a word called *Nut* *Nut* *Nut* was being produced in an American version and "in translation" for British audiences. A sample:

American dialogue: A nut factory, eh?
British dialogue: A nuthouse, eh?

Smith, the risk reporter, flew into the newsroom with his first big story. A man had escaped from the nearby mental institution and raped a local woman. Smith set down at his typewriter and banged away furiously. Two and a half hours later he presented Jones, the graft deskman, with twenty pages of third prose.

"What the hell's this," beloned Jones. "War and Peace?"

"Bak, sir," stammered Smith. "It's a great story and I've managed to include every known fact about both repeat and victim and even the directions of the men-161..."

"How many times do I have to tell you, Smith, just the essential details and nothing else!"

"But, . . ."

"What, however, rewrite it and don't give me anything but essential, Smith, or you'll be sharpening pencils."

Smith, dejected, returned to his typewriter, but three minutes later he was back at the editor's desk with a single sheet of paper.

"What's this now?" yelled Jones.

"Just the essential, like you said, sir."

Smith's entire story now read: **NOT NUTS AND SCREWS.**

Menckin recalls that around the time of the English-translation dilemma there was a movement in Hollywood to reintroduce slang into polite society by having a euphemistic "it" into certain words: nuts became nuts or even nuts. Eventually nuts, nuts, or nuts!

was used to denote dislike, disbelief, scorn, or despair.

NUTS COME OF AGE: THE POSTWAR ERA

With the birth of television, American slang entered a period of severe repression. Network executives didn't know how to handle a word like nut. In 1948, at NBC, it was forbidden to call anyone a nut; instead, you had to call him a screwball. In 1951, however, the television good-conduct code banned nuts, except when meaning crazy.

JAYNE MANSFIELD: Oh, Bob, I feel silly with my head in your pocket!

BOB HOPE: Reach any lower and you'll feel nuts.
(Laughter)

"What are you, some kind of a nut?" drove more than one person around the bend in the 1950s. As a mass media it rivaled Jack Paar's (Continued on page 144.)



Zen and the Art of John Ehrlichman

by Al Reinert

A progress report on the Santa Fe exiles

From Seattle the train climbed eastward over the Cascades, across the Columbia basin, breached the Rockies at Cedar d'Alone and emerged on the high plains of central Montana. Swirls of January snow lay against northern slopes and blind gulches as the train threaded the Dakota badlands, following the Red River past the prairies and into the lake region of Minnesota. It reached Chicago in three days. Washington in four; it allowed its passengers ample time to consider the scenery or their special preoccupations. John Ehrlichman considered both and spent his time reading Robert Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry into Values*. Ehrlichman had started it once before, but he never really got into it. Now, however, in early 1973, he was absorbed and covered the margins with notes.

In the book—or, more precisely, in the narrative that structures the book—a man and his son embark on a motorcycle trip from Minnesota to the Pacific Coast, traveling through much the same territory as Ehrlichman's train. Looking out at the giant, sinuous plains of the Missouri basin, the identical "deep undulation of the earth" described by Pirsig, Ehrlichman recalled the previous summer when he'd taken his children as a camping trip through many of the same small towns, on the same back roads that figured in the fictional journey. These were some of the few

unreservedly pleasant memories from the last two years, and they drew Ehrlichman closer to the book.

A few weeks earlier, on New Year's Day, 1973, Ehrlichman had been convicted of conspiracy, obstruction of justice, and two counts of perjury, and he was now awaiting sentencing. Behind him in Seattle he had just closed a twenty-five-year career by consenting to his own disbarment as a practicing attorney. As he drifted across the country, reading his book, Ehrlichman was a fifty-year-old man at very loose ends.

Which, as it happens, is exactly the situation of the unnamed father in *Zen*. His loss of identity had been more traumatic, though less conspicuous, than Ehrlichman's. The father responded by returning to his past, via motorcycle and memory, to search out old friends, old roots, an old part of himself that got lost along the way. Ehrlichman did likewise.

In 1950, for example, Ehrlichman and Pete McCloskey were moot-court partners at Stanford Law School, best friends whose wives were also best friends, whose eldest children were born about the same time. The two families maintained their friendship after the Ehrlichmans moved to Seattle, trading visits and vacations as the two lawyers referred clients to one another. Both went to Washington in 1960, McCloskey as a Republican congressman from California, Ehrlichman as counsel to the new Republican President.

Something got lost, though—it happens often in



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Photographed by Mary Ellen Mark

Washington—and the friendship began to come apart. For a time, the relationship shrank to McCloskey's opposition to Nixon's Vietnam policy; but as the issue grew the tensions increased, loyalties diverged, and the two families stopped trading visits. Cambodia, and then McCloskey's opposition to Nixon's re-election, ended the twenty-year friendship.

Three years later, far from a brain-worried dink and long since removed from Washington, Ehrlichman reached the end of that trail ride. He wrote a letter and dropped it at McCloskey's office: they met afterward at a restaurant and talked for several hours. Ehrlichman gave McCloskey his copy of *Zen*, saying it was the most important book he'd read in years. McCloskey's marriage had failed recently, and Ehrlichman said it might help.

Ehrlichman wrote a second letter at this time, to Judge Sirica: "With regard to my personal freedom," it read in part, "I have given the whole Watergate episode deep thought during the past year and a half. I profoundly regret my part in it."

In the short weeks following his conviction, Ehrlichman had developed a sharp interest in the concept of alternative sentencing, whereby convicted criminals are put into useful public service (stated of into prison. Encouraged by McCloskey, among others, Ehrlichman petitioned Sirica to allow him to serve an alternative sentence. He'd been invited by northern New Mexico's Pueblo Indians, through their governor, to visit the reservation and assist them with land-use problems, to being an expert on such law. He asked that Sirica sentence him to the New Mexico mountains, for however long the judge deemed sufficient.

"The opportunity to do public service for the Pueblo is a way to speedily and tangibly express my respect for this truth," he wrote, referring to the sovereignty of individual liberties he stood convicted of upturning. "While guests might knock out of me a lot of my pride and self-will, I truly would like to be able to do that revolutionary thing I believe I have been told that I can do it, and that if I do it myself I will be infinitely better for it."

The statement sounded vaguely reminiscent of Piracy, but Sirica wasn't a bit impressed and sentenced Ehrlichman to prison—"not less than thirty months or more than eight years." The judge never said a word about Indians. Undaunted, Ehrlichman announced that, while his conviction was under appeal, he'd meet to Santa Fe and work for the Indians, if they would have him. But during the sentencing hearing, his attorney convinced himself by calling Ehrlichman's proposal a form of "perjury," which the Pueblo took as an insult. The chiefs promptly withdrew their invitation. Ehrlichman nevertheless moved to Santa Fe.

Visiting John Ehrlichman rumors floated back: he'd grown a beard, some said, was wearing boots or riding motorcycles, was living in communes, rhaps, Indian tapes and soul hats, he was turning into a hippie. And he was reading Piracy's *Zen*, a cult item, a compact seller, the kind of book Nixon said would rather have burned than read.

The heart of *Zen* is Piracy's contention that your identity is an expression of your values. Piracy tries

to graft Eastern concepts of value, exemplified by *Zen*, onto the basic Western mode of thought, rationality, as exemplified by motorcycle maintenance. It's an old graft that metaphysical botanists have been attempting for centuries, never too successfully.

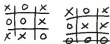
To achieve this fusion of the mystical and the rational, Piracy dismisses the notion of trying for a new graft. Instead, he rips the plants of these opposing life sediments from their biological roots, just tears them out by their roots, and then he sort of lobes them together, out there in open, roundness, but bound one to the other by the remarkable knot he conjures from their stalks. What results is the rational and the irrational in a blend whose dual elements seem to be turning into and out of one another, a spiraling double helix tracing the eye baroque style. What all this means to a man like John Ehrlichman is nobody's guess. Had John Ehrlichman, of all people, found inner peace?

Good question. I decided to go to Santa Fe for an answer.

In the upper left corner, in gift letters, the stationary reads *ARMCHAIR AND FORCE ONE*. Handwritten below that is the legend:

X — Kissinger
O — Ehrlichman

And below that:



The sheet of paper, framed, is dated and signed by both conspirators.

"That's the only scenario I've kept," says John Ehrlichman, grinning. "Everything else is loose up in storage and scattered around. I just don't have any use for it; what am I going to do with a group portrait of the Nixon Cabinet?"

The scenario is set unobtrusively on a corner shelf in Ehrlichman's living room, which, at "well over a hundred years," is the oldest room in a modest adobe house that has seen considerable renovation. "My land-lady lives in the big hall," he explains, nodding toward the far wall. "It's a lot more plush than over there." The room's furnishings include a comfortable couch covered in a natural fabric with an abundance of pillows, a small and table and a wicker chair, an imitation Eames chair in soft brown leather, and the dark-stained console containing stereo equipment. The two records on the turntable are a well-worn Mozart, his longtime favorite, and the Louis Armstrong album purchased the week before, a never-enthusiasm.

Ehrlichman crosses the room to throw another paken log in the fireplace. "Best dressed in the world," he declares. "There, let's keep this place warm all day." Standing atop the fireplace is a small white statuette—a statuette depicting one of the saints—carefully carved in cottonwood by a local. (Continued on page 150)



"Might I recommend the pumpkin seeds to start?"

TWICE IS NICE

by Debra Brook

A GUIDE TO YOUR SECOND AND MOST IMPORTANT WEDDING

Itaque a wedding at which the guests are your friends. A pious event. The bride does not burst into tears before or after the ceremony. Her mother does not produce, direct and star in the show. No one has to come to the car, take wine in your face or make a

wedding-night yikes. The food tastes fabulous. The cake is actually good enough to eat.

We'll tell you here how to do it—if you promise not to tell us why you're doing it. The last thing we want to hear is why you decided to get married again.

Silence like this is fine if it keeps her happy.

No red, barn or orange blossoms.

The roses were picked in the garden this morning.

Philadelphus orchid.

Freemans.



A brand new party dress

A grape hyacinth.

That's right, it's white, but it could also be a color or a print. What really matters is not color but style. These objectives apply: tasteful, soft, elegant, flowing. It is the dress of a beautiful woman, not of a beautiful bride.

Do not exhaust the wifekeeping of the stage to your son; he might express his ambivalence by leaving them.

Your children are your only attendants. The bride's parents sit down the aisle; the groom's are waiting with him.

Photographed by Carl Fischer

YOU ARE A GROWN-UP NOW

At least that's the impression you want to create. To that end the following are crucial.

You will not be married on down in here last.

Selections from Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet* will not be read at the ceremony.

Anything that suggests that the bride is being "given away" is taboo. Her parents do not issue the invitations. Daddy does not escort her down the aisle. The idea is that the bride can receive presents; she is not a present herself.

The two of you pay for your own wedding. If who-plays-what becomes a source of conflict, you should not be getting married. It's a good way to find out.

YOU'RE NOT GAINING A DADDY, DARLING, YOU'RE LOSING A MOMMY

Messure any confusion like this on the part of the children. Explain carefully that you plan to be away the night of the wedding, will then take a vacation—tell them exactly how long—and that after that you'll be home to stay. Don't feel guilty about going away without them. They should understand that. In the end, this is a special event just for the two of you.

WHITE GLOVES ARE DEFINITELY DECLASSÉ

as are bridesmaids, unless, snug parties, swans sculpted in ice, an all-huge bride, chrysanthemums and other puffy flowers that would be equally at home at a funeral, rice, a picture of the bride and groom leading each other onto, blue parties, little people on top of the wedding cake, harrowing the bouquet and any other activities that expect single women to assemble for the honor of who gets to do it next.

If the bride cannot bear to part with all traditions, there is one left. She can have one big light with her mother just before the ceremony.



If the dress is harrowing, this must be the mother of the bride. Free it, the situation here is hopeless. Don't even try to control her. She will carry on regardless.

WHAT THE ETIQUETTE BOOKS SAY

is only good for a laugh. A divorce, according to one well-known volume, cannot mean either a widow or a widower. The wedding must be small. Guests are not expected to give presents. The problem is the writers of these books have it that they can't quite forgive you for having "titled" the first time around. A lot of wedding is in order. Ignore them.

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR

The wedding takes place at four p.m. in the garden at the home of the bride, the groom or a friend. Closest friends and family are present. Champagne for adults, ginger ale for young children, are served immediately following the ceremony.

A reception to which all your friends are invited begins at five-thirty p.m. A buffet dinner and drinks, but no champagne, are served.



Who is this person? A friend of the family who happens also to be a suitor or judge. Religious officiant or lack of it is immaterial since he has agreed to read the ceremony you wrote yourselves.

INVITE ONLY PEOPLE YOU LIKE

That includes relatives. Here's how to do it.

To invite guests to the ceremony, call them on the telephone. Doing this is not casual; it allows you to deliver a personal invitation. Send printed (not engraved) or handwritten invitations to reception guests.

We would like you to join us
to celebrate our marriage
at a reception
July 12 at 5:30 p.m.
223 N. Cedar Lane
Old Lyme, Connecticut

Jane Smith
John Doe
R.S.V.P.



NO TIERS

You may not recognize it, but this is the second wedding cake. Unlike the first, it tastes good. A French sponge cake is soaked with starch, rolled and filled with coffee buttercream, and iced with semi-sweet chocolate buttercream.

CAN YOU INVITE YOUR PSYCHIATRIST?

Yes, but think it over. Your friends will be dying to get a look at him. Your parents will want to set him straight. He will have the opportunity to form his own opinion of the people you've been complaining about for years. As we said, think it over.

CAN YOU INVITE YOUR EX?

No.

WHY NOT ELOPE?

If you mean can you take a vacation and return as husband and wife, no. It will upset the children. In the second wedding, the children play the how-can-you-do-this-to-me role that the mother of the bride played with such poise in the first. You must have a celebration so that the children can participate in it. It will help prepare them for the change in their lives.

WHAT THE GARDEN GROWS

is the main decoration. Just have a forest dress up the site of the ceremony. Keep the floral arrangements simple and natural-looking. If the wedding takes place before a fountain or pond, you might float garlands in the water. If it takes place before a trellis, in a gazebo or under an arbor, wind climbing roses or grapevines embroidered with fresh flowers into the frame of the structure.

RHAPSODY IN FOOD

You will remember the wedding; the guests may remember the food. You need a personal, unconventional approach to planning a menu, so avoid standard wedding catering. Your best bet is to hire a great neighborhood cook who has started her own catering business. The only brief of the food should be cold. This suits the garden setting and summer weather and avoids the fuss of chafing dishes. One possibility is to serve three main dishes—one meat, one fish, one fish—and surround them with a variety of potatoes and salads. Here is the wedding supper of our dreams, suggested by New York food consultant Marcy Horn:

Brook Trout in Brioche
Stuffed with Salmon Mousse

Hollandaise Sauce

Rice in Aspic

Fresh Vegetables Sprinkled with Herbs

Boned Quail with White Grapes

Shrimp with Walnut Mayonnaise

Pâté of Duck with Cranberry Sauce

Mussel Salad

Vegetable Salad

Poached Peaches in Vanilla Syrup

Wedding Cakes

David Allan Coe's Greatest Hits

by Larry L. King

Let's see

first there was this guy he killed in prison
then there was the heckler he decked in Houston
now he's talking tough about the editors of *Hollings Stone*
wow, can this dude sing!

There he is up on the stage under that outlandish football Montana Dick hat like Tim West were (only he is black, where West paraded while to stigmatize Good Gay party), spangled in rhinestones from crown to spine, halting and profane in your basic badass black, sometimes wearing a Lone Ranger mask and otherwise careful to get it on record how he's manner that a jockyard dog. Yesser, folks, stay right up and tremble in the presence of David Allan Coe, a.k.a. the mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy like the legend wrote on the country-music scene, or perhaps this side of hell's rounder presents. If you are not willing to accept that view of David Allan Coe he may threaten to spit your shoes. At the very least he will tell you—as he often decides to do from the podium—of having spent time on death row because of hitting a fellow inmate in an Ohio prison and having such bad luck that the inmate proved to be such a wimp that he died.

Birthed now, though—on this funky-warm February evening at Gilly's Club in Pasadena, an industrial maze tucked to South Houston by an impenetrable border and shared nowhere—David Allan Coe is vamping against "them snakes from *Hollings Stone*" and promising to whip up on 'em if they don't quit a-lauding him. Then he dedicates to that magazine's writers and editors an original composition, I'd Like To Kick the Shit Out of You. The crowd whoops and stomps as if chasing the devil with his sticks, howling along with the pot-jangling guitars, and you know that of bodies has reached right out and trampled their primitive parts as instinctively as George Wallace might. Coe struts and scowls, belting the song out, and a tough-faced little blond in blue jeans tight enough to strangle sausage jumps up and down and shouts, "That asshole got more balls than a truckload elephant!"

At the conclusion of the song (a spoof of hippie and red-neck attitudes toward each other), his managers to the side and says, "Thank *Hollings Stone* motherfuckers

better be glad the old Rhinestone Cowboy ain't lost his sense of humor, or I might have got about three guitars to kick ass. Wouldn't sell my hands on 'em myself." He nods in appreciation of the laughter and says, "I'll hear about it Willie Nelson passing out onstage in Dallas the other night! Somebody told Willie got his pillows mixed up and took dozers when he went to take them. Well, hell, I been in the dozers a time or two myself."

He rips into a lively rendition of Debbi's The Dying Star, follows with a ballad, When I Was a Young Rascal about a cowboy, and then boasts of coming on a live radio show two nights earlier. "They ought to have known better to tell me not to," the musical outlaw suggests. "If they hadn't started the notion in my mind I probably wouldn't have spent with 'Hello all you parent motherfuckers in rednecks!'" Sometimes, though Coe obviously wants his music taken seriously, one gets the notion he might as well be able between numbers to tell tales on himself or attack his enemies.

David Allan Coe has the red eye at *Hollings Stone* because they started the rumor he never killed nobody. Imagine? Who'd they ever kill, huh? They sit around in an air-conditioned office, where there ain't a lot of heavy lifting, and tap their chair prints on the keyboard and out jumps pure character assassination: tales that try to ruin a bad man's reputation just because he can't produce a body these twelve or thirteen years later. Note that they know Country Music's Godfather Coe's guilt, and there a goddamn TV station down in Dallas, and before long—if you don't watch it—the music fans out there in rednecks and all-around and nightclubs are gonna start having their doubts. And that, poor buddy, can get real expensive in a hurry. Now's just not the time for all that loose-topped talk, so sit! Sit with Coe just starting to tell the good money, just beginning to peak 'em into the bear pits and cockfights and at cover charges up to seven and a half a head. Who, hell, other night at the Knott Inn in Nashville even Johnny Cash wandered in to catch the show. Now, just as Coe's on the Top Forty charts with his first hit single (You Never Kiss



They are students at a music conservatory and were hired through the school. They play Haydn, Mozart, early Beethoven, or almost anything baroque. They don't play Mahler, Dary Frenn, Mendelssohn or Wagner's wedding marches or Tchaikovsky

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Called Me by My Name), and just when he's beginning to sniff big royalties as a writer after the success Tanya Tucker made of his *Would You Lay with Me (If a Prick of Stone)*, the media are chastising all that, and Cos and his many followers are as disgraced with Van as Spade Agnew ever was.

Prison's a big thing with country-western musicians, almost a badge of honor. Spade Cooley, the old king of western swing, made it by stabbing his wife; Merle Haggard made it by entering locked shops or strapping automobiles; Johnny Cash spent a night in the El Paso jail for bringing a guitar full of sawny pills across from Mexico; Jerry Jeff Walker wrote *Respect* as a result of breaking into the New Orleans all-in charges of rowdy conduct; Willie Nelson has been caught driving his car while full of many mood modifiers. Just about every country-western performer lucky enough to make traffic court stops of his outlaw days at some personal profit and badgets the nation's wardens to permit him to cut his albums behind the walls. Each of them may be tempted to teach up his record a bit: there was a time when Cash made his stay in the El Paso jail sound like five years in Texas Prison on pine and pork. Search a lawyer named Woodrow Wilson Bush had him out within hours.

Where Cos differs from your routine outlaw cowboy star is in his public approach to his chequered past. Haggard, Cash, et al., come on almost half-shamefaced, crestfallen, in voices vibrant with sincerity, this old graying or that old flame or maybe even the Good Lord Himself for having perished thus toward more righteous paths. They are repentant sinners at the mourners' bench: black sheep now safely back in the fold. None of this redempted-soul just for David Allan Cos, hey. From the podium, he remains defiant: still the incorrigible rebel, still society's victim, still ready to extract Old Testament vengeance.

It has not escaped Cos that his face-out it up, that—crash like the more cerebral disciples of Norman Mailer—they expect for their door prizes to see Punk's bad boy give the world a stiff middle finger and howl at the moon. So Cos thrusts his pelvic region toward the microphone in Pasadena and growls to the expectant crowd, "I got a new album that's about these wackos overna. They say they ain't gonna release it till I quit my public confit. Well . . . mytha/ack that shit!" These cheating his stubborn courage have no way of knowing that, only hours before, Cos learned the album's release date has been pushed back because of purely technical problems.

When Cos bit Nashville about eight years ago—straight out of the Old penitentiary, it's true—he met the usual beauty and diplomacy disappointments of your average unknown drummer. He first yelled attention to himself by investing the dark Rhinestone Cowboy image. Next, he bought a secondhand beaver, pointed his nose all over it, and parked it near crumbly old Xerox Auditorium (then the home of the Grand Ole Opry), feeding parking meters all day in the hope that well-connected Music City folk might become curious about him. Nashville had witnessed too many disparate acts, however, to get excited over one more hungry schlemse wearing trick briefs and a lug

but while waiting his nickle Cos's brother, Joe, recalls. "David started going into Tootsie's Orchid Lounge and places where the big shots dropped in, and I mean he intimidated people into hearing his songs. Threatened to wipe the floor with 'em if they didn't. And he'd heard, you know, that old expression, getting a foot in the door. Well, David improved on it. Several times he went to publishing companies on record row and actually started kicking the door down! Set your ass that get their attention." Shelby Singleton, who brought out on his SSS International label Cos's original prison-song album (which even Cos now admits was awash with "acid-pyrring" had lyrics), has said, "I always figured David's stardom was about ninety-two percent luck. But it made for good promotion."

Well, now, Shelby, ninety-two percent may be a little high. Cos did get sent away to Boys Industrial School in his native Alameda at age (Continued on page 117)

OTHER GREAT COUNTRY RECORDS

Spade Cooley:

Eight years murder. California State Medical Facility at Vacaville. Furloughed to give concert: dropped dead of cancer: 1969

Johnny Cash:

One day, local jail. El Paso drug charges: 1965. One night, local jail. Lottsylvania, Georgia, riding out a DWI: twice longer: 1967. In Fulton Prison and San Quentin: to give concerts

Merle Haggard:

Three years, attempted burglary. San Quentin, 1957-60. Penalties changes over their petty theft, but checks escape. Turned twenty-one in prison. California Rucker 62665. Spent week in solitary in cell beside Ceryl Chessman: saw Johnny Cash perform inside the walls

Jerry Jeff Walker:

One night, Los Angeles auditorium. local jail. New Orleans, 1966. Inquired Peter Bezinger

Johnny Rodriguez:

Five hours, post marking, local jail near Bradentonville, Texas, 1955. First rap by singing and playing guitar for Teen Fanny (teenage) location. the dressing-aloud who proceeded to get his contract that led to his success on the Grand Ole Opry star

Johnny Paycheck:

Eighteen years, attempted kidnapping. Texas. Disfranchisement. Commend. Partnership. New Hampshire air assaulting an officer. Escaped from maximum security unit through shower-room ceiling. Fugitive for three years. Several days in local jails. Seeking Spring and Toledo Ohio on suspicion of our theft. Couldn't pay check he wrote in Nashville. Sentenced to eleven and twenty-one, reduced to probation after his single Don't Take Her (She's Mine) became a hit. 1972

Growing

It has been two months since the baby doll across a new story, a period not sufficiently long to preclude a trend. Talk of his retirement, of course, seems premature. He has taken to forming words on paper, a barely intelligible script which he conceives to represent a variety of narratives. Today he is back and putting a fever of 102.4, consigned against his will to bed.

I hear him get up and pad to the bathroom, complain of discomfort, and return to bed. "I'm getting old," he groans. "I've made my work and go up to his room for a visit."

"There are these balls going around on my hand," he says, as if in answer to some question I had asked. "They fall into holes, which makes me sad."

I ask why that should make him sad.

"Too many things are in my mind," he says vaguely. "His fever makes up days rapidly. Tomorrow I'm going to write a story about getting old."

I don't have to wait until the next day for the baby's story. An hour later, he is ready, he says, for

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me to write the story down exactly as he tells it. He would write it himself, he says, if his arm wasn't sick. The story is about an old man with glasses and a white beard who met Savile Cross.

"Are you writing this down?" he asks.

I take my pen out of my jacket and write the following, as instructed, on a clean page of the baby's notebook.

THE VERY OLD MAN

Once upon a time there was a very old man. This end.

When I remark on the brevity of the story, the baby offers an explanation: his extremely limited knowledge of his subject.

"That's not really the end," he adds. "It's just the end of the chapter. The next chapter is about an old man who's not as old as the first old man."

THE OLD MAN THAT'S NOT SO OLD There was an old man with white beard and glasses. He wasn't as old as the other old men, who were very old. He was just old. I think he was dead. One day a lady came to visit the old man. "Hello," said the lady. "Hello," said the old man. "What's new?" said the lady. "Not me," said the old man.

The baby tapes on his side and

goes to sleep.

Later in the day, I return to see how he is. "I'm better," he says, his face flushed, his swollen eyes widened with tears. "Only my mind feels worse."

I ask him if his mother has given him his medicine, and he says he can't remember. "Did you come to write down the rest of that story I was telling you to write?"

"When you feel better," I say, "you'll tell me the rest of the story." "There's something I want to tell you," he says, "but my mouth is tired."

"Would you like me to tell you a story?"

"I don't like stories anymore," he says. "Do you know why I don't like stories? Because they're real. They sound like they're not real, but they are."

"I would have thought," I tell him, "that it would be the other way around. That stories deceive one into imagining them real."

He thinks about it or seems to be thinking about it, his forehead wrinkled, eyes dail with pain and fever. "Stories are real," he says. "I'll tell you why. If people write them, they have to be real. People are real, aren't they?"

The fever hangs on. The baby's sheets are unresponsive to the antibiotic the pediatrician has prescribed for him. "What I

remember," says the doctor on the phone, "is that you let me have a look at him. I have heard after six on Tuesday and Thursday."

Report of the baby's visit is in another story, a synopsis of which is included here.

The doctor's waiting room tends to be crowded no matter what time you come. The baby, who thinks of himself as no longer a baby, sits in a handsome, dignified way, his thoughts thoroughly intact. As last passages (two hours in the full story), and the baby has hardly moved in his chair, oblivious to the hellish world at his feet.

Finally, the nurse asks to take an examination room—there are four other such rooms, all of them apparently occupied. My instructions are to end the baby to prepare him for his examination.

The baby is unusually silent, indicating with a gesture that he would prefer to remove his clothing himself, which he does in a hasty though efficient manner. He sits naked on the doctor's table, shivering slightly, lowering through a picture book of mountains exemplifying family life. He has read it a number of times before and seems now to be turning pages for something to do. "Are you cold?" I ask him. He denies it. I am putting my jacket over the baby's lap when the doctor makes a dramatic appearance. "What have we here?" the doctor says.

Tall, with big hips, perpetually looking like an infected toy, the doctor is a man of almost no personality who manages through what seems to be a carefully rehearsed routine, to disarm his patient's fears. "The boy is looking in your ear," says the doctor, looking in the baby's ear with the funnel-like flashlight requisite to that chase.

"That's no hurt," says the baby.

After the doctor examines the baby's arm, nose, and left eye, he rubes out as if he has just remembered a prior engagement. He indicates that the baby is to be kept warm until his return.

"My neck hurts," says the baby. "Is it your throat?"

He opens his mouth as if he looks. "I don't want it to hurt," he says. The doctor steps in, saying,

"What have we here?" then shakes

his head and backs out. "Wrong room," he says.

I follow him into the hall in the hope of convincing the doctor to complete the baby's examination, but he has already gone into one of the other little rooms.

"Maybe he doesn't like me," says the baby.

His remark seems to hasten the doctor's return. "What have we here?" says the doctor again. As he examines the baby, the doctor becomes increasingly grim under the anxious scrutiny of charts. Is it merely manner or is the baby sicker than we thought?

"What's next?" asks the baby from time to time, holding himself together, outgrowing the worst.

"You will have to have a little shot," says the doctor, turning the baby over to keep the needle out of view. "It's not going to hurt you. It will hurt a little, like a pinch."

"I know what it hurts like," says the baby, with a slight show of pique.

"Do you know what?" the baby says the next day.

"No, what?" I answer. It is an old routine we do. He is in my study, his fever mostly gone, pacing the floor. "During the war, when I was sleeping, do you know what happened? What happened was I died."

I try to disabuse him of the notion, but he is insistent on the veracity of what he assumes to be his experience.

"I did," he says. "When I woke up, I was older."

How can I put it to him? "When you die," I say, "as far as anyone knows, you don't wake up."

"Well..." he says, "sometimes you do and sometimes you don't. Do you want to know what happened to me when I died?"

"Okay, what happened to you?"

His face, drained by illness, is taken on a worried aspect. "I'm thinking about it," he says. He rubs his face, slightly squashed, against the flat of his hand. "Maybe what happened was my dream died." He raises his head. "Did you write that down?" he says.

"It's a matter of record," I say. The baby goes out without announcing his destination and returns with his pants open.

offering a glimpse of what he has been. He makes an unsuccessful, melodramatic effort at stopping the pants, but, then comes to me to do it for him. "Your baby's too big," I say.

"If I didn't have a belly," he says, "I wouldn't have anything to hang my legs."

He opens his notebook to a clean page and poses his Magic Marker like a gentleman at the ready.

"I'll tell a baby in this story," he says, making a few traditional, indecipherable marks on the sheet of paper in front of him. "To a boy with a secret identity. Do you want to know my secret identity?" The baby's story is intentionally—his secret identity temporarily preserved—by an unexpected visit from his friend Adam, who seems to come and go as he pleases, a slightly older child, obscurely aspected.

They exchange traditional greetings.

"Hello, dummy," says Adam.

"Hello, dummy," says the baby.

I stop listening for a while, absorbed alternately by flashes of anxiety and rage and an unaccountable pain in my right eye. As trouble me. Pained consciousness, an insufficiency of feeling.

Mixed in among my own emotions, there is a note in a familiar hand. I WANT ANOTHER MARY, it says. Perhaps I have written it myself and have forgotten, attributing it to another as a self-deception.

When Adam leaves, the baby is in an angry mood. "I don't like Adam," he says. "I said, 'I don't want him to go home. I'm going to be like Adam when I get bigger.' Adam says I can't because my hair is the wrong color."

"Did he say that? Well, I guess you'll have to settle on being yourself."

The baby makes an impatient face, an indication that the obvious is old news.

"What are you doing?" says the baby, coming in on us silently.

"Your father and I were kissing," says his mother, which, if not literally true, has a certain symbolic validity.

His (Continued on page 126)

Old

A story by Jonathan Baumbach

JUICE WITHOUT FEAR

by Gordon Lish
She drinks in perfect tranquility
now that Esquire has done the dirty work

A recipe for learning borrows from chests with Gordian Knots and another for putting backbone back into Western Civilization by speaking a proper vulgar properly brewed, and I've come up with a stout rep on a food writer Me, a fiction editor—and many other reliable things I don't have room to list and—should probably by now forget about along with everybody else who never noticed.

But my high crown has found in all of a sudden catching me all the notes I can use. Let the mother who wanted a son and the father who wanted anything so long as it got on the *Big Screen Show* see that there are mermaid lines, so who can get all ungraceful when they step on him a new version? God needs food, writes so low that the people dramatologists who double on the masses see. Am I a son to play one with Nature a Law? Listen, the Symmetry of Things could stand another food writer. I'll be another food writer. Now, mark in the mountain of food.

I never wanted a pacer. I don't even know if it's necessary to address the opposition under two-minute study here by a name as loudly as that. Anyhow, that's what it does. The machine that renders checkboxes into checkboxes, and me I never owned one. I wanted to, but I didn't. I wanted to own a big dog, and the landlord wouldn't allow it—oh, that when I wanted to own a family pacer, it was the family allowance that wouldn't allow it. That's all different now that I'm a good writer. Now that I'm a good writer, everything is different.

own a junior good and plenty now - a honey of a thing that is right this minute living between the family together and my wife's lot of a more, a great hailing all-in used to an outworn matter. This paper that has set up housekeeping in my kitchen is the paper in and all coming - a little beauty that is a beauty now and is coming across with daily evidence of coming on to be real freely.

[illegible]

VITA MAX SUPER 2000 (about 15%) Great if you're looking for laughs, not love. Gainsville's game where operation might not stomp Watson and Creek, but it will damn soon stop your wags. I mean, Pump stop, client told phone number at case you need assistance. Thoughtful, downright necessary, too, because for corporate clients, it's a matter of time before you're out of the thing. Last on my mind, determining the way to get plants under wiggle. Louis discovered both member situated in wrong direction, he is that my lady. I ask you? Someone should look out for damnation. All evidence anyway, same with everything in the rooming under carwash were by a lot of blissing time. I mean, when peaked damn could see the carwash, but I was off. I wish I might of had your hot car. But I can see the damn night of Vita Max but on how good price could be in it is.



OSTER AUTOMATIC PULP EJECTOR JUICER (about \$99)
Newly designed, plastic accessories and very low assembly time: Sets up goodness market, but does manual job. What decides me so is a couple of construction, design, features you'd be talked seeing the pulp go crashing into transparent catch basin that sits to one side. Designer granted credit in my eye. I being fellow of mild disposition. Worst feature is second catch basin that wasn't quite. Well, you do. I have to stand there with your glass. Not so well when you get knuckle-busting beverage you pour out of the thing (juice) just pour into.



BRAIN MP 50 JUICE EXTRACTOR (about \$70) Expertly slick design but too much plastic inside and out with camberose clip wires at top. Fewer accessories than Oster: still too many to end me. Not all that luxurious—but when you pump down the stall you're feeding into it is pretty weird, might complain. Anyhow, it works with relative ease and produces a spilled into my glass was pretty dense, tasty, foamy and all that. Of course, she divided all over itself and it was suppose to clean up. Note the *Brown* distinct second, excellent head writer that I am.

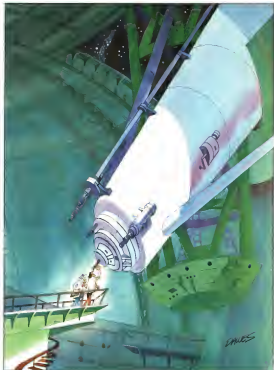


WOMEN CHALLENGER [JONES] [about 5:15] Now we're talking! The angels joined the fallen! Anne Simple, stay! straightforward postures, aesthetic! blunt countermeasures to nervousness, vulnerability. Then, shows herself in joy to be held! And does it do the business because pleased it can earth to do! Plastic exterior, but barely sexual strands are not looking around! Intelligently constructed speed! beautiful, pure! into place from height! that elegant of motion! No down! oblate any strain! gliding on air! face! Behaviors! dramatic! playful! to handle! open! Truth to tell, even modest while a more lack of little less violent, this Anne in its momentous! Done. Now, then, anybody get it relinquish! he would remember?



Gordon Lash is still fairly—despite the fact that he gives a lecture series workshop at Yale.





"It says, 'If you can read this, you're too damn close.'"

A History of the Presidential Conventions:

On the basis of not a single vote cast, with not one of our
key precincts reporting, without any fancy hardware or
funny looking analysts, Esquire will now project the final results
and get this whole damn business over with!

1976

by Richard Condon

The Koreans I sat beside on the flight from London to the Presidential nominating convention said, "We have a lot going in your country. We need protection. Not only us. The Soviets are in very deep and the Shah is all over."

"How does it look?"

He shrugged. "Think what mass and poofing would be like if Brezhnev and Brezhnev had been American politicians. You wouldn't be up to profits or the hormones yet."

That night in New York I had dinner on the West Side to watch the big Democratic money movers work the top heads with two-way unaccountable cash. There was a lot of talk of Carlo Gambino for Vice-President. I sat with Marty Rhee, an old friend and a highly placed crime executive. I had taken pride in him since over the years. He had been named in C.I.A. hearings,

labor investigation, Presidential assassinations (he had once been engaged to the same girl simultaneously with a former President—not Goldwater). He had handled two of the most successful assassinations for the federal government, he had worked the bag for both Nixon and Johnson. In short, he was a seasoned political insider. I asked him to forecast.

"Go figure it! They give Kazan, the Harvard, to the Republicans for their convention. To the Democrats they give Dick Galy, who everybody in the country has been trained to hate it. This is gonna be a Republican year. The Democrats are gonna run two of the fastest losers you ever saw."

"Who will head the Democratic ticket?"

He grinned evilly. He flicked his lips. "Would you believe—Teddy?" "Teddy? A loser?"

"Come on! Look at history! After the Grant scandals, the McKinley mess, the Harding disaster, every one of them a Republican, who was elected to follow them into the White House? Right? The Republicans. So Nixon has told the country I mean, we never had a weaker like Dick. He wanted the worst for us. So a Republican has to follow him. They like to clean up their own messes so nobody finds out more than they're supposed to know."

The next morning, riding downtown to the Garden, the cabdriver, FRANKLIN M. HOLLER 1026715WYC, gave me the inside shot because that was really why he was driving a cab. "I drove them all. I drove Boop Jackson. He's a nice, square

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pile of warm sludge. If they give it to Teddy, we'll wash we had Nixon look. Uddi says he's a liberal, but he could be a crypto-Populist. It is absolutely gonna be Jimmy Carter for Vesp. So who else grows you? Don't answer. Wallace would probably be better than any of them. He knows how to use power, and that's the first thing for the job except that he is deaf. But his wife is a very beautiful woman."

"Who do you like for President?" I asked shyly.

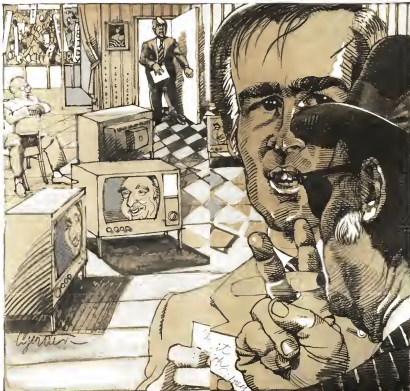
"He gotta be Hubert. He's a great campaigner who knows where all the bodies are buried, including his own X rays. You want the Republican slate?"

I nodded eagerly into his nervous mirror.

"With their record, with that loose Nixon, that monster, the only thing they can do is win a coalition target of Stanson and Rockefeller. The Republican party is through in this country."

The degree of American despair about its politicians is so total that any reasoning which strives to diminish it is regarded as science fiction. The voters found this political conversation by believing without question that all politicians are supposed to be amoral, a belief ascribed long before Watergate. Otherwise the voters might have to face the ethical problems of the Ancients: Did we corrupt what we saw, or what we corrupted, corrupt what we didn't see, or as what we did not corrupt? A 1972 poll made by Cambridge Survey Research reported that thirty-eight percent of voters thought American leaders had consistently lied to them. This despair rose to fifty-five percent in 1974, to sixty-eight percent in the winter of 1975.

Waving my pass, fingering my Official Button, I was turned away at the Press Gate but made it into the concert circuit tent at The Mall entrance between Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets. The Mall, an enormous glass-enclosed area, led into the box-office promenade and four enormous towers with ten sets of electric stairs each which can handle 118,000 people in twelve minutes, getting them to and from an arena which can only hold 22,000 people. Only in America. At the top I peered into the hall from a main



"I am Sydney," the Old Oligarch said, as Brown rushed into our booth.

"How do we play it, Old Oligarch? Cronkite wants State!"

"A'course. Git movin'!"

corridor. Up on the great platform the International Brotherhood of Quarter Champions for 1961 is marching you for the Democratic before being out I Went a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married James.

Back in the corridor I almost slammed into Ed Markin, who seemed to be wandering, dazed. "Bennie! Are you okay?" I asked. There were tears in his eyes.

"It's this goddamn Bicentennial," he sobbed. "Joan! I just thought I saw George Washington blowing up in the rotunda men's room, but it was only one of those thousands of goddamn Bicentennial actors who are wandering all over the country."

I spotted Les Woodcock, who was The Man of the United Automobile Workers and sure to be a big factor at this convention. I grabbed his sleeve. "Who is it going to be?" I asked.

"Jimmy Carter doesn't look like every Japanese in the United States," he answered cryptically. "It's just that every Japanese in the United States looks like Jimmy Carter." He stopped but then went on my hand, whispering me to see Dr. Norman Levin. Jimmy Carter's both neighbor Levin said, "Jimmy is all teeth and hair. The rest is just a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes. I mean—can't you see? Not that far up on Mount Rushmore?"

I was long time. I fought my way through the crowds to find Bob Stinson. It was ten minutes before I was standing beside the national chairman as we each ate a red, white and blue Bicentennial hot dog and stared down at the vast, jam-packed arena where history was being made. "You are looking at a miracle," he said solemnly. "Just figure out the big problem alone to get those delegates here. A million dollars! We had to have fourteen thousand telephones installed be-



The Old Oligarch mused that Rockefeller power could be useful to the ticket, but he was certain the issue was age, not money. He settled the matter in a surprising way.

name we needed eighty-four hundred and only forty percent of the telephone in New York work. Let me tell you something: There are four hundred Secret Service agents and six hundred and thirty New York cops and plainclothesmen all around you right now. You are as safe as you can reasonably expect to be in this country. Listen—the walls alone need fifty-five hundred hotel rooms, a hundred suites, and a total of two hundred eight thousand square feet of working space. We got three thousand and forty-eight delegates and eighteen hundred ninety-one alternates. That's a lotta drunks. Why, the cops cleared out forty-nine thousand two hundred leaders in the eight-thousand-block area around the Garden alone and drove them into the hotel kitchen and elsewhere. Hey? I want you to meet Dr. Abraham Weller."

I was astonished that Nelson Rockefeller had assigned a task to a Democratic convention. I must have shown perplexity. "If they're really dedicated to this," Dr. Weller explained, "it gives us an opening that absolutely nobody can move through—the Vice-President feels that—well, Mr. Rockefeller just wants to keep his options open in both parties. Considering the new Court ruling on a man being allowed to finance his own political campaign through me," he said, standing on his toes, looking over my shoulder, "Why is William Buckley looking so ecstatic over this?" I turned. It was indeed Wm. Buckley, the celebrity-moodist-publisher, who had spent a lifetime urging that people be allowed to eat cake. I tilted up to him deferentially. Obviously he had to talk to someone, anyone. "I incorporated Gore Vidal and Norman Mailer in a roller room of this estate, a chamber which measures two meters by three me-

ters. Its walls have died them to chairs. The weapons are words and I doubt whether anyone man will come out alive." He even alluded with malice/erit triumph. "I know the world," he said, in effect, but said 6238 esoteric/erit edited words to get his meaning across.

As I shouldered through the heavy crowds I kept picking up the persistent rumor that Edward "Toady" Kennedy would absolutely be a candidate before the convention, but I could get neither confirmation nor denial from any one of his thirty-seven professional campaign assistants and advisers. However, Malachy Duffy did confess that the slender Cuban expert which Senator Kennedy smokes are not possessed deeply but are merely kind gifts from thirty-one United Nations delegates for whom the Senator is able to do the occasional favor.

Joyce Kilfein of the *Enquire* team came running. "Terroric scenes in three-oughts!" she yelled.

"Who is caucusing?" "Georgia, Alabama, California, and Washington?"

She sprang away and I followed.

We were in an enormous private room that held the combined delegates of the four states. The candidate from each state: Jimmy Carter, George Wallen, Jerry Brown and Royce Jackson, respectfully, sat facing the crowd. Arthur B. Krum, Governor Carey's ambassador to the Democratic convention, again as an impartial scholar. "There is no hazard, wholly American way to combine all of your votes behind one of these four candidates," he said. "That is by a continuous bangs deal. Take it away, boys!"

Carter smiled Wallen first, both men playing plectrum banjos, taking off on *Peace Mountain Breakdown*. It was thrilling! We were at the apex of the entire American political process! The two statesmen played to a rave. The Jerry Jackson-Ronald Brown deal used fire-string banjos, battling it out on *James Louis Henry (Brother of John)*. Howbeit! It was *Wagoner* plus *Peace Ridge* plus *Texas Way* plus the greatest combination of plucking any voter ever got. Brown eliminated. (Continued on page 121.)

Send money to help feed a starving it could help a lot: it could help buy for a governor's divorce; it could help stay in a V.I.P. suite. So won't you help...

Stained-Glass

by Gerry Wills

How charity begins in Baltimore

Lord palatines has long made us defend Baltimore as America's place of almost second. I know almost towns can be in terms of organized corruption. They monopolize crime. We are free enterprise of the petty cheat, Spiro Agnew, bought for comparative pennies, captures our style to perfection. We recently had times of the area's by society officials in jail—no record, to be sure. But one was indicted, though not convicted, for "control territory," a crime from some minor lullaby epic in Technicolor.

More recently we have added to our gallery of scandal a little group of priests called Palatines. They have computerized the wounding aria of Chaucer's Friar with such success that some of Maryland's better-known financial types have become involved with the reversed fathers in matters of bad cash, but success turned recently to scandal, indeed, to two scandals: one involved the way Palatine money was raised, and the other, how it was spent. Two separate investigations—one of Maryland charities and one of Maryland's governor—converged unexpectedly on this ob-

scure order of millionaires, operators, and two reporters from the Baltimore Sun became the Woodward and Bernstein of a stained-glass Watergate story, paying details week by published week from behind a stone wall.

The Palatines are named after a nineteenth-century priest, St. Vincent Pallotti, who offered sentimental Italian piety as a form of "moral action," in America, the order's priests saved poor immigrants. They have had a rather undefined purpose since those immigrants became educated and active in American life. But the order also has some missions in foreign lands, and it has perched distant poverty into wide American landscapes. The Palatines' Eastern headquarters used to be in Baltimore, where their fundraising operations is still as out of the Mission Center and a vast, ramshackle warehouse. But its very presence was a secret to ordinary citizens like me, once the priests, with an official authorization, did few matters near their nest. Shortly before the scandal broke, the previous headquarters was moved to New Jersey. Archbishop Wilfrid Jordan of Baltimore tries to give the impression that he is one of the important figures

in Baltimore who has not dealt much, even indirectly, with the Palatines—and that may be the case. Those priests show a worried performance for public order problems.

On one occasion, the friend of many of the order's friends, Governor Marvin Mandel of Maryland, needed \$54,000 to maneuver to way through a politically risky divorce. That sum was lent, in three installments, by the Palatines to one G. Dennis Webster. (Webster's uncle was Governor Mandel's campaign treasurer in 1974 as well as a campaign accountant for Spiro Agnew, he is the Palatines' accountant and financial adviser.) Webster lent the same amount to the governor for his divorce. Then, too, the Palatines became sanctuaries involved with one of Governor Mandel's fellow defendants in an ongoing case of alleged racketeering. (While defendant is Dale Iles, whose firm, Tidewater Insurance Associates, rescues the past Palatine holdings.) And the Palatines also put money in a wedding-dress fund that led to a fifty-one-count indictment (hefty even for Maryland) of the state school-construction chief. The order had raised a third of a million dollars in the firm that allegedly got preferential bidding.

child in Africa and, Lord knows, motels in Florida; it could help pay a priest go to Las Vegas and please?

Watergate

Other scandals go outside politics, the Florida motel, for example, owned by the order, that had a booker problem. But the order sold that motel, at great profit, it is thought, to Dennis Webster. The order's three other Florida motels apparently have been so innocent of carnal venality as of any money work, other than keeping Gibsons in every room.

Lord during by The Sun's young reporters—Mark Reutter, age twenty-five, and Steven Losenberg, twenty-seven—based up an astonishing series of Palatine investigations in real estate and churchward operations in Maryland and Florida and North Carolina. And a preference for lawyers and others with political connections—with Spiro Agnew's former lawyer and his campaign accountant, with campaigner for Edmund Muskie, with ex-Senator Joseph Tydings, with many friends and supporters (and confederates) of Governor Mandel. And a series of questionable practices: having religious tax exemptions for activities and quarters devoted to secular affairs, Archbishop Bender, too, has centralized on the mass of Palatine funds, calling for a public audit of what was invested and where and

depleting his own moral commentary until such time as the audit was published.

But the Palatines' way of raising money was even more interesting than how they treated it. There were millions to invest because of a very sophisticated begging operation. The Sun reporters uncovered this by getting postal records for charity mailings at the Baltimore post office. The records, released in November of 1975, were hastily studied; two days later, the Palatines held a press conference on the Maryland case; it was to be the first and last press conference in the months leading up to release of the audit. Reporter Reutter and Losenberg worked long into the night with a calculator and ended up doing off the calculator's display—which meant they were dealing with earnings in the triple-digit millions. They found that, by 1974, the order was mailing over one hundred million begging letters, greeting cards, and announcements five per year. It had dispensed up to five million pieces of mail (all "individualized" by computer) in a single day, weaker the Palatines the second largest service bulk mailer in Baltimore. In return, the post office delivered to

Palatine headquarters two to ten pouches of mail every day—much pouch containing about a thousand letters and most letters containing money to be spent on the needs of baptizable pagan infants.

The plight of these infants was touchingly depicted, in letters mass-produced in look persons. The letters had a poor feel about them, though they were expensively produced. Machinery screwed conventionally handwritten messages of great urgency: "Yes, dear friend, write back on my card about fifteen minutes ago. I was in my knees in prayer at our Mission Chapel. I was praying for the poor in our Missions of South America, India, Australia and Africa. I was also praying for you." Most such letters included pictures—infants of old men in desperate condition. Mission activities seemed to be devoted almost entirely to infants—nothing wrings the hearts of poor old women like even poorer young children. The letters suggested poverty in the writer as well as in the writer's flock: "Please return this photo so I can send it to one of our friends. Thank you." That guaranteed a return (with cash). But the returned photos were slipped into wastebaskets along with the

retirement letters. Only the money counted—and counted up, fast. Twenty or so women were employed to open letters, scoring checks and cash into a dozen pigeonholes at each desk; they handled about a thousand dollars per day. Meanwhile, at the Palatines' warehouse, modern equipment slipped new photos into computer-based report appeals: "If you look down the figures Ray Palla wrote me, you can see that \$30 will provide books and utilities for Jettie Paul for another year." (A picture of Jettie Paul, appropriately richly, was sent along.)

Other gimmicks used were the charity sweepstakes, with ones and other things awarded to the winners of Jettie Paul (or whoever was being served with millions of returnable pictures that month). "Free" Christmas cards were sent out to prod the consciences of their recipients into a donation. And St. Jude pens.

It is true that the Baltimore Palatines sent some money to their foreign cousins—about a quarter of a million dollars in 1974, less than they put into the middle-classroom project and a mere fraction of what they had to invest in other things, from condominiums to golf courses. All the greatest money was ultimately intended, we were assured, for the order's work. But the women requesting with five or ten badly needed dollars to help a child paired as just another donor's donation could not discover their money was going to feed its way, at a miserably percentage rate, through investment schemes. Besides, the Palatines showed the true Baltimore style of petty come-outting when they listed in their respectively extravagant eulogy on the reasons the cash value of medicine donated by drug donors.

Nor could anyone dream that the mastermind behind these tear-jerking letters, The Very Reverend Guido Carich, was doing some of his mission work in Las Vegas, rendering to Caesar's Palace what belonged to Caesar's Palace (He was there with Maryland connections, one of whom rented a V.I.P. suite while attending a direct-mail conference.) The Son's Mark Reutter found the Florida orange and

peaches of a "Mr. John Carich," who maintained an apartment and an air-conditioned car in Fort Lauderdale to oversee the multiple hallmarks of the Palatine order in that area.

Fr. Carich used to be seen dining at restaurants favored by Baltimore politicians. But since the scandal broke, he can't become a ghost, smothered in and out of town, untraceable. Neither of the two reporters has ever seen him, despite strenuous efforts—Starr Lunsberg once chased a man into a shoe store in the futile hope that it was he. Mark Reutter heard his voice on the phone, some time before the scandal broke, telling him *The Sun* had the right to investigate Palatine affairs.

Fr. Carich was not always so shy. Once he required the employees who spent money such in the Mission Center to buy a pack book of photos celebrating his rise from poor Yugoslav immigrant to entrepreneur and spiritual big shot. At the time of Vincent Palotti's canonization in 1983, Carich was publishing a manuscript called *P.A. (the Palatine Apostolic)*—about Fr. Carich referred to it, jokingly, with his pal friends as *Phon in the Ass*). The issue devoted to St. Vincent's canonization by Pope John contained four pictures of Fr. Carich, the magazine's editor. At that time, some disciples of St. Vincent invited Fr. Carich to address them in Pennsylvania, he told them what they could do to spread devotion of the saint. They were disturbed when his advice all boiled down to different ways of holding him cash. One of those at the conference, a descendant of the Palatti family, told me he showed contempt for the poor Italian with whom he had grown up and gone to the seminary in New Jersey.

The woman who worked for Fr. Carich, opening the mail at the Mission Center, had special reasons for disliking him. He mistreated the time they spent in the laundry and cut off any office conversation. One woman, Liliana Gorski, told the *Sun* reporters: "If you took your sweater off [at the outbreak] when you were in and then got cold, you weren't allowed to put it back on until the environmental team." If she had been a starving black lady

from some exotic clime, Fr. Carich might have felt obliged to dote her—but only after taking her picture for inclusion in the appeal.

The thing that bothered these women most was the callous attitude shown toward contributors, whose letters, most begging for prayers, were discarded—all but those with big contributions. Several co-employees told *The Sun* that letters requesting money were demanded unless they contained at least ten dollars. Other letters asked that a candle be lighted for the donor at the Palatines' garish and vulgarly presented St. Jude's Shrine in Baltimore. Mrs. Gorski and she, too, gave money to have a candle lighted for her son in Vietnam. "But after a while I realized that they only lit twenty candles no matter how much money was sent in, so why bother?" Once she asked Fr. Carich what he would answer if a contributor asked her where his or her candle was. "He told me he would just point to any of the twenty and say, 'That one.'"

Archbishop Borders has been carefully in and out of this affair from the start. He requested the public audit of the Palatines but then told the press he could do no more than request it. I wondered why. Canon law says that the "local ordinary" (i.e., spiritual ruler of a diocese) must see that Church law is obeyed, to the exclusion of supererogation and "hurling an anathema with unbecoming freedom or savagery of world profaneism" (Canon 2282).¹ Good for Church lawyers. They know religion can be used for profiteering, and the power of it is all around the Palatine affair.

I went to ask the archbishop about this and told him I came both as a member of his flock and as a local journalist. (I had met him recently for the first time when he had administered the sacrament of confirmation to my daughter.)

The archbishop repeated that he had no power over the Palatines since they are a religious order with their own superior, all ultimately answerable to a superior general in Rome. True, but:

1) "Exempt" orders are those that have taken the three solemn vows of (Continued on page 124)



Birds Do It,
Bees Do It,
But How
Do They
Do It?

by Eric Lox

Everything you always
wanted to know
about animal sex

In the beginning, we were told only about the birds and the bees. Then Cole Porter discovered that even highly educated fleas do it. Well, we reasoned, if even highly educated fleas do it, then everyone must do it. Turns out there is more raw kinky sex going on between members of more kingdoms, phyla, classes, orders, families, genera and species than you can shake a stick at.

What does it all mean? There you sit, worried about Saturday night thumbing through the *Kama Sutra* like an eager gardener with the Burpee seed catalog. Probably think you're pretty good, too. Listen, two whales could put you to shame in a second. Never thought about how whales did it, did you? Or porcupines? Animals, they have their ways. Read on. You might learn something.

How do you hear an oil spiller?
Fire a cannon nearby; it
resembles a mating call.

Do bees have cilia?
Yes, and so do most mammals. A
spider monkey's is the same size
as, and sometimes larger than,
the male's penis.

How many organs can a seal
shut down?
One about every ten minutes for
an hour and a half.

What do elephants do after
mating love?
They embrace their trunks and
swish their tails.

Does any animal have two
penises? What does it do with
them?
The cobra, like all snakes and
lizards, has two. What he does
with them is use them. Corals
(only one penis at a time, though)
look up to twenty-four hours.

Are any animals voyeurs?
Sea lions are, probably out of
necessity. The younger males
have no mates, since the older
ones have all the sexually mature
females in their harems, so they
get off by watching their elders
get on.

How do beavers do it?
In the masturbatory position.

Why has no bee who has made it
with the queen bee ever told the
bees how it was?
Because his penis breaks off in
her vagina when he tries to leave
her after copulation and he
bleeds to death.

What has eight legs and an
organ of thirty miles an hour?
Two kangaroos, who do it quickly,
on the run, so as not to be
interrupted by hungry lions.

Do any mammals besides man
have group sex?
Ask any porpoise. And grey
whales like a group of two males
and a female.

What do Jean Chast, several
dozen turkeys and a few chickens
have in common?

Virgin birth. White turkey and
chicken eggs incidentally have to
be fertilized by a male turkey or
chicken to produce offspring.
There are some birds in the
species whose eggs have high
parthenogenetic tendencies (they
don't need fertilizing). Scientists
selectively bred these females
with males descended from
similar birds until, after several
generations, sixty-seven turkeys
and four chickens hatched from
eggs that had not been fertilized
by a male.

What is the difference between
the sex life of a man who gives his
wife a milk coat and the sex life
of the mink that snobs up the
coat?
The mink probably had a better
sex. Along with snakes, they
have the longest coitus of any
mammal: about eight hours.

What could a female golden
hamster do in a year if she really
worked at it?
According to the Guinness Book of
World Records, she could produce
106,000 descendants. Gestation
takes sixteen days; intervals
between are as short as eighteen
days.

How large is a whale's penis?
See that telephone pole over
there?

Are any mammals test fetishists?
The male turtle vibrates the claws
of his best foot against his mate's
face, thereby stimulating her
during foreplay.

Do any of the primates besides
man practice birth control?
No, although wolves do. In any
pack there is only one male and
one female who mate and they
isolate the others so they
won't.

Is there homosexuality and
lesbianism in the animal world?
Is there anywhere where there
isn't? In more like it. The gayest
mammals are probably monkeys,
especially in captivity.

What is the most highly sexual
mammal?
A female chimp in heat.
probably. She's good for at least
twenty times a day.

Do gorillas have periods? Do they
just go around, my God, dripping?
Yup.

Are any animals rapists?
Male orangutans. Gorillas, on the
other hand, are among the most
gentle lovers.

What can a female sea horse do
that many women would like to
do?

By sticking a long genital nipple
into an opening in the male's
abdomen, she puts her eggs into
a brood pouch. This stimulates
the male, who releases his sperm
and fertilizes the eggs, which
grow in his pouch until the
babies are born.

How does a deer masturbate?
During the fall, which is rutting
season, a deer's caudal becomes
an enormous sac. Rubbing
them gently through the brush
causes almost immediate climax.

What looks like a warts, has sex
only once a year, and then for
only two or three minutes?
An emperor penguin.

What has twenty-four nipples and
as many as thirty-six babies at
once?
A Madagascar hedgehog.

Do any animals kiss?
Beavers snore, during long
foreplay. Many fish also kiss. A
labyrinth fish known as the
kissing gourami has been
observed delay it for as long as
twenty-five minutes.



What do male chimpanzees have in common with Superman and your next-door neighbor? Faster than a speeding bullet, the hairy little beasts ejaculate within ten seconds of insertion.

Is incest popular among mammals? Rarely. In most cases, males are driven away from their families or groups when they become sexually mature.

Are any animals into S and M? Wild horses and sailors. In order to get worked up, the female kicks the male in his chest and the male chews and bites the female. They usually draw blood both ways before really getting down to business.

Are any animals hermaphrodites? Snails. To reproduce, two snails approach head on and tickle each other's umbilicus. Then they start some serious tickling, because the sex glands are about halfway between the head and the shell. Each snail fertilizes the other, and each then lays eggs.

Will animals of one species copulate with members of another species?

Rarely in the wild, occasionally in captivity, and even then animals generally stick close to their own—lions with goats, elk with caribou. But baboons have been seen trying to screw lions, cats, dogs, and even snakes.

Times there is the case (at the Vatican zoo, of all places) of the white peacock and the Galapagos tortle.

Can anal sex result in pregnancy? The females of certain species of cutfish suck the sperm from the male and spit it out as the eggs as they are laid.

Does penis size matter? Bitches in heat seem to prefer the large shepherd-like breeds of dogs to the smaller ones. This is probably a trait carried over from wild dogs, in which a bitch's rank in the pack is commensurate with the rank of her mate, so the larger males are generally the most dominant. That again it just may mean that with dogs, anyway, more is, well, more.

How do porcupines do it? Easy and, like almost all animals, from the rear. Occasionally if the lady is not ready she will raise her quills. But generally she will not. It is with the echidna, or spiny

ant-eater, that one is really necessary. An unreceptive female echidna jabs her spines into the male's genital area.

Do any animals take presents to their lovers? Male spiders, among others, offer the female such delicacies as a fly wrapped in a web. This is done mainly for self-preservation. The present takes the female's attention long enough for the male to have intercourse and get away before she eats him.

Okay, now for the big one: do female animals have orgasms? The answer to this is only a little earlier than discovering how many angels can dance on the head of a pin. There is no clinical evidence to prove that lady animals have orgasms. Then

again some evidence suggests that at least they have a pleasurable reaction.

For instance, when two trout mate, the female releases her eggs at the same moment the male releases his sperm. Moreover, they simultaneously open their mouths in what suggests a lighthearted joy. And female cats roll around and twist their bodies into all sorts of strange shapes following intercourse and then they lick their vulvas. In cases where experimenters repeatedly demonstrate the cat's sexual area fire does not occur.

Certainly the elaborate courtship rituals most animals go through suggest they are up to more than simple unionization, and there is a little data to back this up. Dr. Alfred Kiley reported that the blood pressure of copulating dogs showed "the recession from the peak of response in the female bears a

striking resemblance to orgasm in the male." Other studies of monkeys, rats and rabbits showed similar reactions.

One of the problems, of course, is defining what constitutes an orgasm. We checked to see what Masters and Johnson had to say about all this; surely, we thought, someone must have wired an animal or two and come up with something. But all they could say was that there was a lot of material to have fun with, but as yet "no physiological readout" that could prove one animal or the other. What we need, everyone suggests, is a way to get a lady elephant, or a walrus, or a cat, or even a pet to talk about how it feels. So get to know your pet. ...



THE SELLING OF WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.



by William F. Buckley Jr.

In praise of the unvarnished plug

Years ago, a cog in the man-eating machine having malfunctioned, I found myself in midsummer in the deserted day-school residence of my parents (they summered in New England) with ten days to wait before my induction into the United States Infantry. I had come south expecting merely an overnight stay at the ghostly residence, only to learn that the date on the induction notice was incorrect. During that period I spent happy evening hours cultivating the friendship of a middle-aged lawyer of aristocratic attitudes, huge and cosmopolitan erudition, and gentle manner, a bachelor crippled in his kindergarten days by polio who managed nevertheless to drive a splendidly built car and to fly an F-105, which required no pilot's license, the aviator having been synchronized with the wheel. At nightfall it never occurred to me to wonder why he continued to spend almost every evening with me at the local chicken and steak joint; now I know that he sensed the loneliness and, fright, of a boy from a largely family experiencing an unanticipated hiatus before the ghostly preoccupation ahead and no doubt felt that the war, inasmuch as it had to be fought by men of sounder luck than he, could at least benefit from whatever kindness he was in a position to pay to a prospective young soldier.

We became very good friends, and much of what he spoke about I remember. But I suppose I remember most vividly what he told me casually in one conversation, because it so much offended my sensibilities, which at that time suffered from not having been coarsened by experience. He spoke about a rendezvous a few weeks before with an attractive young lady from our town, who agreed to drive with him for a weekend at Myrtle Beach, which is the Gold Coast of South Carolina. They arrived, checked in at the hotel, puttered about the beach, had an extensive and pleasant dinner, after which she declined to accompany my friend back to his little suite. His greatest strength was his irony, and, concentrating his energy to appear judicious, the effect was arresting: "Bill, that woman is a cheat. She broke an implicit contract."

I hesitated, under the impulse of congeniality, to agree with him whenever he ascertained about this or that, which was not all that often. Still now I had nothing but resentment quickly become chronic to him. I was clearly having trouble conceiving the ethics of contract law with the ethics of seduction. Perhaps the lady had thought all along that the gambol at Myrtle Beach was to be actively chaste. Perhaps, on discovering otherwise, she maneuvered as best she could without calling the police. Still, if my friend's accounting was correct, one had to take sides: either in favor of sin being committed or a contract being broken. Which was the greater offense?

William F. Buckley Jr. is the editor of the *National Review*. His forthcoming book is *Authorism—A Fundamental Journey*.

It occurs to me, after such experience with the same dilemma in another form, that society authors of worldly books are, paradoxically, the most regular of cheaters close to people on earth. We are always taking them to Myrtle Beach—Barbara Walters, Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin, Dick Cavett, Dinah Shore, Mike Douglas—time after time after time, and when the moment comes, what do they do? They talk about New York municipal bonds. What the profession needs is a code of fair practices, toward a formulation of which these words are dedicated.

Let us begin by laying down a few distinctions. Some authors are willing to appear as tabernacles and suffer for the sin of it. It is, after all, a form of martyrdom, and, as such, something of an act of self-discipline. It requires a kind of straitjacketed penitence that is good for people inclined to narcissism. George C. Scott was recently on the circuit to promote his movie, and one could detect the awful burden the medium imposed on him, straining a nature so clearly inclined to masochism toward indignation, the better to affect his seductions. Some people—whereas he, this is true—find it enjoyable. Some, because they are born evangelists and are largest attracting others, whether on how to conduct foreign policy or how to make tomato soup. Some, because they find it stimulating. Some, because they find it gratifying to the ego to appear before an audience.

I think, however, that it is only as such about most authors that we do not enjoy working the talk shows. Here, too, there are good and bad reasons. Perhaps because we are a little lazy. Perhaps because we are too fastidious, too used to the luxury of editing our remarks; horrified at the headline results of spontaneity. Vladimir Nabokov, who has this problem solved pretty much the way General de Gaulle solved it, General de Gaulle bailed press conferences, so he is not bothered them. He conducted about two per year. And he pre-empted the questions and memorized the answers to them. Nabokov does about two television appearances per decade. And he memorizes every single thing he permits himself to say, mis-cue and all.

Others dislike the talk show because they feel that necessarily it will involve any number of vulgar demands. Still others lack confidence in their capacity for small talk and are afraid of sounding either simple-minded or arrogant.

Even so, most authors will consent to do almost anything to promote their books. Doing anything to promote one's book I define as appearing on the David Bonfield show. Doing almost anything, I define as appearing on the other shows. John Kenneth Galbraith lives by the rule, "I write 'em, you (he is addressing Houghton Mifflin) sell 'em." But even J.K.G. will appear on the Today show to promote his books. And when he does, there is an air of resignation. He is not there, at sensibility in the rooming at Rockefeller

Center, to give free advice on public policy. He is there to talk about his a** in back. It happened once, riding in the car with him to a joint appearance on the Today show, that I complained to him about his cupidry, even as a co-beneficiary of it. "Because your agent wanted us get paid as much money for our appearance this morning," I explained, "it was made discreetly clear to me through an intermediary that they are not going to mention my new book." His legs stretched out in the car and he tilted his head, looking and sounding more Redd Foxx than Donnie Laurie, and with very delight suggested a formula. "When you say whatever nonsense you are bound to say in defense of poverty and ill health and alien bombs, I'll say, 'Well, that reminds me of your new book, *Excursion Eve*, which I believe is published by Putnam's and is in my cue available at any bookstore.' And then when I am defending the poor and the sick and advocating peace in the world, you break in and say, 'Well, Ken, you do take those positions very persuasively and eloquently in your book on *Mewy*—was it *Hughson Miffin*?' " We giggled like schoolgirls and of course didn't. We are pros. We were getting paid not to talk about our books. But when you aren't getting paid (and by being paid, I don't mean snide), the other guys should act like pros.

I am among these authors who agree to appear publicly to promote their books; to do almost anything to promote them, as I have put it, though I set a limit of approximately six weeks and eight appearances. I am not a Blackbeard-like book promoter on the order of, say, Jacqueline Susann, one of whose tours consumed three months, or Joe McGinniss, who wrote charmingly on *The Making of a First-Sitter*. Still, like so many authors, I recognize that there is an easy way to make excuses for not making a few public appearances. There are two important reasons for this. The first is that to refuse to put in the dozen hours necessary to appear on the top five or six shows in order to bring to the public's attention a book on which you spent a dozen hundred hours is not quite lazier. The second is that it is difficult to find a publisher to promote a publication at great cost to himself which you define to promote at great cost to yourself.

Now, when I say at little cost to the author, once again we need to pause to consider the excuses. One of them is being made to become, so to speak, a member of the Beverly Hills Club. Usually I have contrived to appear and depart, resisting that condescending that can transform an appearance on a talk show into a prolonged nightmare. During my youth, promoting my books on the old Dave Garroway Today show, I once found myself thinking of J. Fred Muggs as probably my closest friend. Nonetheless, I gently, but firmly, resisted on in-and-out, even if this means I am placed at the tail end of the program.

My worst tumble, alas, occurred in connection with the Dinah Shore show. I can only say in self-defense, have you ever tried to defend yourself against Dinah Shore? I found it, after her third letter, impossible.

It wasn't only that she wanted me to appear on her show. It was that . . . she wanted me to play something on the harpichord on her show. This was several years ago, when her formula was fairly rigid. She

would give the audience the recipe and there and then cook a particular dish, her guest sitting as straight man, passing her the salt and the onions and so forth. Bad enough. But there is worse to come. The guest must perform at his hobby. I must play the harpichord for her. One of the difficulties with the harpichord is that it cannot be made to sound, at the hands of an amateur, anything—like Jack Benny's violin. It just sounds like *snuff* or *snuff*.

I tried and for two years succeeded in putting her off. But that third letter—in which she said she had learned I would be in Los Angeles to appear on the Johnny Carson show—wasn't that wonderful—because now I could appear that same afternoon on her show as I had promised one day I would . . .

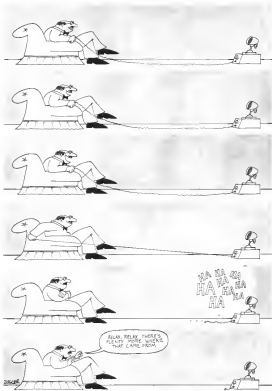
It was *Appear or Break* with her. There was no Middle Way.

But then I thought of something that suddenly gave me great comfort. In my entire life, I had never met anyone who had ever seen the Dinah Shore show. I say that this thought crossed my mind with no intention of slighting the most attractive woman in the entire horse world. But, after all, it is snuff . . . yet . . . of people who watch daytime television shows; so I felt that I could safely walk a fool of myself playing the harpichord on the Dinah Shore show. I felt as secure from detection as if I had contracted with the CIA for the loan of a safe house wherein to play the harpichord, the kind of place in which I ought to play the harpichord. And—who knows—perhaps the mention of my book might affect a sale or two. A week later, I had forgotten it all, save the wonderful persona of Dinah Shore.

Two weeks after that, I landed on a small private airplane with a friend from Mississippi who was taking me to meet, and lunch with, my hero, My hero is Walker Percy, the novelist. We pulled up to the terminal of the little airstrip east of New Orleans and a tall lanky man in Levi's approached the airplane and, as I emerged from it, shot out his hand. "I'm Walker Percy, Mr. Backley. I feel I know you. Just saw you on the Dinah Shore show." (Perdurance was looking after me, as it happened. Before lunch, mind you, I went. I was declining my column over the telephone to New York. Halfway through, the operator in my office interrupted to say that Dr. Klinginger was on the line, which he was; he told me, apropos of this or that, that the terms had finally been arrived at for the Paris accord on Vietnam. Accordingly, when I returned to the porch I managed to say to Walker Percy, as tactically as possible, "I bring you peace in our time." Just in case he got the impression that all I do is play the harpichord that way.)

I forget which book it was, but I remember that Miss Shore—excuse me, Dinah—tired quite scrupulously up to her implicit part of the harpichord. She mentioned the book several times, asked me a couple of questions about it, and finished the jacket on the server. That was her good pro quo. In return for that, she got me playing the harpichord; she could have got me doing anything, though now I know that her show isn't run on closed-circuit TV.

The first thing, then, is to (Continued on page 124)



THE EVOLUTION OF AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION GRAND · MOTEL



Some things on the American landscape are so conspicuous that you hardly notice them. Gas stations, power lines, cloverleafs, franchised hamburger joints and, most of all, motels. You've no doubt driven past thousands of them and probably stayed in dozens, but the odds are you haven't spent five minutes really thinking about motels and their history. But Billy Adler and John Margulies have—they collected or shot all the pictures you see here. They tracked down the first establishment that ever used the name, an adobe structure (above) that appeared in 1925 in San Luis Obispo, California—appropriately enough, alongside Highway 101. It set the style for what might be called the classical period in motel architecture: out front, a main building that housed the office, restaurant and so forth, with cabins in the rear (below). After 1925, we had a new institution as well as a theme for a thousand leering jokes.



Soon, the clean, functional design of the Twenties (above) went looking for a gimmick, such as the popular tepee model and the rarer passenger train (below). Meanwhile, the real giant slumbered—inevitable.



In 1952, the first Holiday Inn (below) appeared in Memphis, Tennessee. The model room (above) is preserved to this day in its original state.



After years of trial and error, the American motel had reached perfection. Now, no matter where you are on the highway, you're not far from comfortable and inexpensive shelter that is familiar with a vengeance.



Hahn Inn, Laguna Hills, California



A typical room



Holiday Inn, Santa Monica, California



A standard unit



Howard Johnson Motor Lodge, Van Nuys, California



A extended room



Quality Inn, Los Angeles, California



A typical unit

As traveling man Jimmy Buffet sings: "I got a second-story view from curb to curb/I got a sign that reads/Do not disturb/A room-service menu for food and drink/A porcelain throne and an aluminum sink."



Ramada Inn, Beverly Hills, California



A typical standard



Redway Inn, Pomona, California



A standard typical



Sheraton Motor Inn, Los Angeles, California



A typically standard room



Best Lodge, Long Beach, California



Choice unit, 1 p.m.





Behold the Husband in His Perfect Agony

A three-storied story by Barry Hannah

L. HOMELESS

When I am run-down and flogged around by the world, I go down to Farts Cove off the Yamacraw and take my beer to the end of the pier where the old lars are still snapping and wheezing at one another. The larsing is always different, because they're always dying out or succumbing to constipation, etc., whenever they go back to the ashore and wait for a good day when they can come out and lie again, leaning on the rail with coals full of brain cookies. The son of the man the cove was named for is often out there. His pronouns has name Fartsie, with a great French stress on the last syllable. Otherwise you might laugh at his history or ignore it in favor of the name as it's spelled on the sign.

I'm glad it's not my name. This poor dignified man has had to explain his inability to the multitude of half of America before he could even begin a decent conversation with them. On the other hand, Fartsie Jr., is a great liar himself. He talks about seeing ghost people around the lake and tells his boss ones about the size of the fish those ghosts took out of Fartsie Cove in years past.

Last year I turned thirty-three years old and, raised a Baptist, I had a sense of being Jesus and coming to something decided in my life—because we all know Jesus was crucified at thirty-three. It had all seemed especially important, what you do in this year, and holy with meaning.

On the morning after my birthday party, during which I said

my wife almost drowned in soda cocktails, we both woke up to the making of a truth session about the lovers we'd had before we met each other. I had a mildly exciting and sexual history, and she had about the same, which surprised me. For ten years she'd sworn I was the best. I could not believe her history was exactly equal with mine. It hurt me to think that in the era when there were supposed to be virgins she had allowed anyone but me, and so on.

I was dazed and exhilarated by this information for several weeks. Finally, it drove me crazy, and I went out to Farts Cove to rest, under the pretense of a fishing week with my cousin Wyatt.

I'm still figuring out why I couldn't handle it.

My sense of the past is vivid and alive. I hear every sign and see every shadow. The movement of every limb in every passionate event occupies my mind. I have a presence on the grand scale. It makes me seem that I should be sorry about happenings before the end I ever saw each other. Yet I feel an insistent homicidal urge in the matter of her lovers. She has accused my episodes as the course of things, though she has a vivid memory too. But there is a married politician woman here that man don't.

You could not believe how handsome and delicate my wife is naked.

I was driven wild by the bodies that had treasured her twelve and thirteen years ago.

My vacation at Farts Cove wasn't like that easy little let you get as a rich New Yorker. My finances weren't in great shape, so to be, true,

they were about to run, and I left the house knowing my wife would have to answer the phone to hold off, for instance, the phone company itself. Everybody wanted money and I didn't have any.

I was going to take the next week in the house while she went away, watch our three kids and all the rest. When you both teach part-time in the high schools, the income can be slow in summer.

No poor-nothing here, I don't want anybody's pity. I just want to explain. I've got good hopes of a job over at Alabama next year. Then I'll get myself among higher paid lars, that's all.

Silney Farts was out there prearranging away at the end of the pier when Wyatt and I got there Friday evening. The old faces I recognized, a few new backbones others I didn't.

"Now, Doctor Mosser, he not only saw the ghost of Lily, he says he had intercourse with her. Said it was involuntary. Before he knew what he was doing, he was on her making cadence and all their clothes blown away off in the trees across the shore. She turned into a wascaw right under him."

"Intercourse," said an old-timer, breathing heavy. He sat up on the rail. It was a word of high danger to his old mind. He said it with a long gasp, glad, I guess, he was not unwell.

"Madeline, a Presbyterian preacher, I once him come out here with his son-and-iv, anchor near the bridge, and pull up fifty or

Barry Hannah has completed work on a third novel, *The Tennis Residence*, and teaches in the writing program at the University of Alabama.

more white perch ing as small pumpkins. You know what they were sure for hell?"

"What?" asked another gamer. "When caught on the bare hook. It was Gavi made them fish lute," said Sidney Farts, going at it good.

"Now, There is a season they lute a bare hook, Gavi didn't have to've done that," said another old guy with a fringe of red hair and a sour Florida shirt.

"Neither night," said Sidney Farts, "I saw the ghost of Yance himself with my paw, who's dead. A ladies king with four deer around him."

The old boys seemed to be used to this one. Nobody said anything. They ignored Sidney.

"Teh you what," said a well-built stout old boy. "That was something when we come down here and had to chase that whole high-school party off the end of this pier, them drunken children. They was smoking dope and two-thirds a them naked swimmin in the water. Good karned of an. From your so-called good high school. What you think's happen at the had ones?"

I dropped my beer and grew suddenly sick. Wyatt asked me what was wrong. I could see my wife in 1980 on the group of high schoolers she must have had. My jealousy went out into the stars of the night above me. I could not hear the roaring carabosse of lion-agers, their putrescent laughing of wanting and looking. But I was the worst back then. In the next days back then, I dragged the parison off girls I hated and talked badly about them once the sun came up.

"Worst time in my life," said a new, younger man, maybe sixty but with the face of a man who had surrendered, "me and Woody was fishing. Had a lantern. It was about eleven. We was catching a few fish but went on into that little cove over there near town. We heard all these sounds, like they was ghosts. We was scared. We thought it might be the Yance himself. We know of some fellows the Yance had killed to death just from fright. It was the, over the sounds of what was normal human, signs and answers. It was big unknown

sounds. We just stood still as the boat. Ain't nothing else to do. For thirty minutes."

"An what was it?" said the old gamer, letting himself off the rail.

"We had a big flashlight. There came up this mutha in the bunk and I beamed it over there. The two of us main the sounds get up with half they clothes on. It was my own daughter Charlotte and an older guy I didn't even know with a mustache. My own daughter, and then sounds over the water swirlin as like ghosts."

"My Gavi, that's awful," said the old gamer on the rail. "Is that the truth? I would've told that. That's terrible."

Sidney Farts was really upset. "That ain't the plan!" he said. "Tell your kind of story somewhere else."

The old man who'd told his story was calm and fixed to his place. He'd told the truth. The crowd on the pier was estranged and disoriented. He wasn't one of them. But he stood his place. He had a distressed prof. You could see he had never recovered from the thing he'd told about.

I told Wyatt to bring the old man back to the cabin. He was out here away from his wife the same as me and Wyatt. Just an older guy with a big hurting nose. He wore a suit and the only way you'd know he was on vacation was he'd returned his tie. He didn't know where the ball house was. He didn't know what to do on vacation at all. But he got drunk with us and I can tell you he and I went out the next morning with our poles, Wyatt driving the motorboat, fishing for white perch in the cove near the town. And we were kindred.

We were both crushed by the truth.

2. HOME

I threw a party, wore a very cheap suit. My wife had out all sorts of hors d'oeuvres, some ordered from long off—little being papery seafoods you wouldn't have thought of as something to eat. We waited for the guests. Some of the food went bad. Hardly anybody came. It was the night of the liner

edges, I think. Underwood, the sailor, showed up and maybe twice other people. Three I never invited were there. We'd planned on sixty-five.

I guess this was the signal we weren't liked anymore as town. Well, that has happened before. Several we invited were ladies who normally wouldn't pass up cocktails at the home of a sister. Also, there were two nephews-in-law you could trust to come over in their high-fashion ballers as to disappear around one in the morning with some new innocent lecher. We furthermore invited a few good dull souls who got on an occasional hot because they were good and furnished a balance to the doubtful others. There was a passionate drudge in landscaping horticulture, for example.

But none of them came. It was a hot evening and my air-conditioner broke down an hour before the party started. An overall watched event was in the stars.

Underwood came only for the piano. I own a huge in-home Yamaha he cannot separate himself from. Late in the evening I like to join him on my electric harp.

Underwood never held much for electric instruments. He's electric-two, a traveler from the old baritone and Charlie Parker tribe. I believe he thinks electric instruments are cowardly and unmanly. He does not like the basic idea of men joining talents with a wall socket. In the old days it was just hands, head, and lungs, he says. The boys in the Fifteen were better all-around men, and the women were proud of being after-set girls.

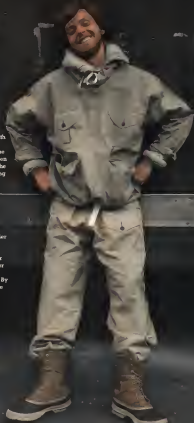
Underwood liked to play with this particular drummer about his age. But that night the drummer didn't show up, either. This, to my mind, was the most significant absence at our party. That drummer had always come before I thought he was addicted to playing with Underwood. So when Underwood had looked up on a few numbers and the twine of a was had clapped and he came over for a drink, I /Continued on page 115/

FALL GUYS

Ease into autumn with the fresh, appealing clothes favored by the young, interesting men on these pages. All the things they're wearing are loose, easy, and wonderfully brash.

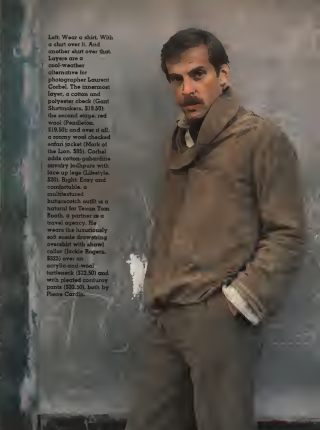
Inspired by a 1942 English aircraft carrier suit, the cotton downweight top and pants worn by writer Woody Hoehwender epitomize the fuller, sportier look for fall. By Lifestyle, \$50. They're paired with rapped action boots by Korkman, \$40. Wear this for fun.

Photographed by Rod Lister





Left: Wear a shirt. With a shirt over it. And another shirt over that. Layers are a cool-weather alternative for photographer Laurent Corbel. The innermost layer, a cotton and polyester check (Gant Shermokers, \$19.50); the second stage, red wool (Pardislon, \$19.50); and over it all, a roomy wool checked safari jacket (Mark of the Lion, \$35). Corbel adds cotton-gabardine corduroy joggers with lace-up legs (Lifestyle, \$30). Right: Easy and comfortable, a multitextured button-down outfit is a natural for Texas Tom Booth, a partner in a travel agency. He wears the luxuriously soft suede drawstring overshirt with shawl collar (Jackie Rogers, \$325) over an acrylic-and-wool turtleneck (\$22.50) and with pleated corduroy pants (\$35.50), both by Pierre Cardin.



A man with a mustache and dark hair is wearing a dark, belted trench coat over a white shirt and a patterned tie. He is standing with his hands in his pockets against a background of blue and white abstract splatters. The image is a full-body shot.

ree

75 STEV
4 AND I
E. SAGE

It may suggest a baseball jacket, but impeccable French styling is what makes art director Richard Martino's wool blouson jacket (\$65). It's paired with pleated flannel pants (\$82). By Pierre Cardin.

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Crunch!

(Continued from page 60) Crunch-induced love conditions—that 140-lb. hunk—may be an unexpected way of harmonizing with the music of the spheres.

This fits in very nicely with the theory of the leading power of Denise Harmon, held by C.W. Post, the co-director, several meters into the second part of his "musical therapeutic" movement.

The Grape-Nuts people don't go out this way to promote it, but C.W. Post was one of the strongest of the whole string group of "Christian vegetarians" they were Seventh-Day Adventist diet evangelists and health-food purveyors who founded their "second wave" movement in fourth-dimensional battle Creek, Indiana. They went on to create the entire packaged dry-cereal industry.

It was in a book recommended to me by the president of the Council Institute, a book by Gerald Casano about the Battle Creek Food Institute, called *Cereals: Crusade* that I discovered the strange tale of C.W. Post, Denise Harmon and Grape-Nuts.

A former blacksmith and real-estate speculator with a chronic stomachache, C.W. moved to Battle Creek in 1850 to take the cereal cure—a diet of cereals and Graham crackers, which he called Dr. Kellogg's cereals. As his health improved, C.W. began to explore the many eastern and mystical schools of diet and healing that flourished in battle.

According to Andrew Cowan, C.W. "began to give class attention to esoteric religious education, Denise Harmon, assistant in touch with the adepts... C.W. moved out of Dr. Kellogg's institution, took up Christian Science, then mediums, even infusing rose tincture, before deciding to open his own sanatorium where he had a healing system that was a combination of all of the above. C.W. called his system "musical therapeutics," and it involved strenuous chanting of such inspiring phrases as "I am well!" to put patients in touch with the leading power of Denise Harmon.

C.W. was also busy in his laboratory creating cereal products to feed his patients while they looked themselves with mental therapeutics. He came up with Postolun, the cereal-based coffee substitute. There was a product like Dr. Kellogg's cereals, which C.W.'s religious faith inspired him to name Kellogg's Manna. After twelve frantic days to change it to Post's Thinsies, and, finally there was a good old-fashioned Grape-Nuts. Since in Battle Creek remarked that Grape-Nuts were much like an exfoliant cereal, which rolled grains, which was the first grains. The unique combination of both products came from their being twice baked—baked once were ground together and baked again in the press, heavy business were required to both this trademark color (see caption) suggest. This very-over-2-

scarcity of twice baked with the Christian phrase "twice born" could not have been so fundamentalist Battle Creek, either.

C.W. began to catalogue his twice-baked Grape-Nuts into his half-baked musical-therapeutic, healing program. And he began to introduce leading into his advertising for Grape-Nuts. He began to claim that Grape-Nuts was a "super food" for the brain. And after the turn of the century he began to put into trouble for these claims. There was Harmon. Before long, cereals were no longer claimed. Denise Harmon was no longer heard, and C.W. died of his selected stomach ache.

But could it be that old C.W. was right all along about his cereal? With all that we know about how cereals and the matrix-like effect of dietary solids, is it not possible to speculate that C.W. set out to design—and actually succeeded in designing—a cereal with the perfect starch, the One True Cereal, whose bone-conductors in Harmon are uniquely attuned to the music of the spheres and thereby takes the brain in the leading word of Denise Harmon?

Perhaps C.W. knew that no one would ever get your average Americans to eat cereals and that a leading medical society meeting if he could get them to eat a breakfast meal which made patients when chewing, which induced them into concussions with the sound of the spheres such morning—this led to something Dr. Kellogg's cereals couldn't offer. If the Grape-Nuts people were smart, they might try making up a rebalancing the karmic of old C.W. Post—placing him up as the father of health food and gradually preparing people for the religious and spiritual claims to come. Of course it would require considerable evidence of the Harp's karmic case to claim that the cereal affect was merely sound therapy but connections with the infinite. But one thing is a fact. ☐

REQUIRER'S FASHION GUIDE

For information on where to buy clothing and accessories on pages 107-112, consult the contributors:

- Deena Gaudin, 554 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. 10015, 675-8848
- Walter Davis, 4 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. 10016, 678-1846
- Gail Shattuck, 494 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022, 695-5002
- Alexander Joffe, 57 W. 58th Street, N.Y.C. 10019, 541-6244
- Kathleen Peacock, c/o Weston Brown, 135 E. 58th Street, N.Y.C. 10022, 535-1544
- Lafayette, 215 E. 58th Street, N.Y.C. 10022, 634-8430
- Shirley de la Torre, 105 W. 39th Street, N.Y.C. 10018, 212-3300
- Pandora, 410 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017, 675-6570
- Julius Kerner, 521 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10021, 754-7303

Special Treat: The Italian All-stars

Did you ever notice how many Italian outbursts there are? It seems that every other Italian ballplayer is short and fat and runs slowly. There was Paparetti and Garagiolo and Lombardi and Bonanni and Cenerentola, the best of them all, Yogi Berra.

A lot of Italian greats were Yankees and their strength was up the middle-order, second base, shortstop and center field. All of them were "sloppy" ballplayers; it is no wonder either while that during the thirty-six consecutive years that you or another of them played for the Yankees, their team was twenty-five pennants.

ROBBIE, CIGOTTE, B.H.P., 1935-20. Batted like after taking rest in the first Series of 19's his seldom recognized as the great article he was in sixteen-year career was 216 games, posted a 2.10 ERA.

JOHN ANTONELLI, L.P., 1946-61. Batted after for more than a decade. In best to base—the Giant championship year of 1954—20 games and lost but.

JOHN THURTELL, B.P., 1962. Thru the to the bullpen in 76, lost seven 44 average of 20 games in season for the Pirates. Especially tough in the clutch.

YOGI BERRA, C., 1946-63. You don't have to be pretty to swing a bat. Hall of Fame, 1972.

DOUG CAMILLI, 1B, 1953-63. Could be counted on to produce 25 R.H.'s and 180 R.B.'s a season and play solid defense.

ROGER LACKEY, 3B, 1956-59. Played on such great Yankee teams his contributions are sometimes overlooked. A brilliant performer. Once hit 300 in 164 games, drove in more than 100 runs 7 times.

PHIL RIZZUTO, SS, 1960-66. Scored the remarkable defensive champion. Did all the little things right: executed the hit and run, took the extra base, addressed the lead runner, made the throw.

JOE TORRE, 3B, 1960. On defense, could break down grounds with his body. Felukias hitting makes up for it.

BOB DIMAGGIO, L.P., 1960-69. The Little Professor. Lead-off hitter per excellence, twice led the A.L. in runs scored. In clean power, never hit below .293 and was superb in the field.

BOB DIMAGGIO, C.F., 1958-61. Poetry in Motion, 1955.

CARL YERGEN, R.F., 1948-60. Scored. A lifetime .285—with power. Just a gut for a night one.



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THOMPSON EXIT 3—GREENWICH, CONN.

Esquire's Advice to the Hairy Nape

The 1950s are long gone and with them went long hair: hair-down-to-there hair. Also gone, in case you hadn't noticed, is the scruffy-also look of the early Seventies. More and more, neatness counts, even if crew cuts aren't back. And speaking of back: when was the last time you checked the three-way mirror? Think about it—you spend hours getting your front just right, only to go forth with the seal of your pants shiny, your jacket wrinkled, your hair sticking out like a porcupine. Esquire asked New York hair stylist Peter Goosen to have a look at you. So lend your hairy head to these photos and listen to what the man says. No lip-synching, please.



Even though the fashion mavens are extolling short hair this season, there's still penance in the longer lengths for some men. The trick is in layering the hair to the hairline and tapering the back.



A stylish haircut that plays well with naturally wavy hair. Dry it with a blower; style it with your fingers.



Hair that's cut short over the head and straight at the neckline has a strong box-noodle look. It calls for monkey tums.



What hair he has should be treated more lovingly. It should either be completely shaved or cut short and curly.



A hairline that looks as if it had been treated with the wrong blow. He would look much more stylish with a straight neckline.



A good haircut, though poorly groomed. Should be blown dry to give the neckline a cleaner look.



The perfect cut for the man with a bit more big shoulders, wide neck. Hair is tapered and shaped neatly at the hairline.

The natural curl gives his hair a puffy look at this length. It should be trimmed enough to make the waves an asset.



God help him. A scissors might help a little, too.



The barber isn't in blame. His hair is actually well cut and could be given a fashionable turn with a hair dryer.



An elegant haircut that follows the line of the head. Its short enough to be impeccable, long enough to appear unstudied.

Stars and Tripes Forever

by Roy Andries de Groot



The make-or-break politics of the *Guide Michelin*

The *Guide Michelin*, destined to be as inoperable as Caesar's wife, has become a sacred cow. It is the sacred selling and most influential gourmet guide in the world. There is no book on any subject published in France that sells more copies. It can make or break any restaurant; the reward of one star increases business by an average of fifty percent. The people who put together the *Guide Michelin* obviously consider themselves the world's supreme judges of gastronomic taste. They never give a reason for any of their decisions. They never make statements to the press. They almost never grant interviews. The *Guide's* independence operates with the secrecy of the C.I.A. They do not need to plan announcements; the surprises follow automatically. In 1964, when the two-star *Belin de Beauport* in Paris was dropped from the *Guide*, its chef and owner, Alain Zick, shot himself.

The main business of the *Michelin* company, as almost everyone surely knows, is the making and selling of automobile tires, and the *Guide Michelin* may very well be the world's most successful promotional idea. This is the fundamental fact about the *Guide*. Its raison d'être is to encourage the motorist to tour in which—wheels preferably cushioned by *Michelin* tires. In the early days of the company, *Michelin* tire salesman were ordered to check out, at company expense, the bistros and restaurants on the roads around the country. Their reports produced the first little *Guide Michelin* in 1900, which was given free by gas and repair stations in the three thousand odd motorists of France.

Each year the *Guide* was expanded. Its success was extraordinary. The *Michelin* Tire Company flourished. So did the roadside restaurants of France. Then André *Michelin*, one of the founders, began differentiating among restaurants, awarding a star to the better ones. Finally, in 1931, he developed the two promotional slogans that are perhaps the most successful in the history of product salesmanship. Some restaurants were given two stars and had to be "worth a dollar"—worth a little extra use of your *Michelin* tires. A very few restaurants were given three stars, "worth a special trip"—worth quite a lot of wearing friction between the rubber and the road.

Today, of course, the choosing of restaurants is done by a special corps of full-time, trained inspectors, who roll around France in their cars, transmitting their daily confidential reports back to headquarters like a kind of gastronomic secret service.

It's all done with supreme efficiency, and therein lies the reason the *Guide* today makes some of the better bets. An inspector calls for a reservation a few hours ahead of his visit, but he never orders any specialty that would require lengthy preparation. He operates on the assumption that he will want to realize his journey and cannot delay too long over his meal. When he arrives, he chooses only from the printed menu and expects to be served efficiently and fast. Each inspector has a daily quota of about twelve hotels and restaurants to inspect, and he covers roughly a hundred miles each day. After each restaurant visit, the inspector fills out a checklist, rating on a scale from zero to five each factor in the size of the portions, the speed of the service, the cleanliness of the tablecloth, the comfort of the chair, as well as the quality of the ingredients, the deliciousness of the meat, etc.

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The inspectors make no personal decision as to the rating of the restaurant. The decisions are made by the editors in Paris on the basis of the documentation. The testimony of the point system is not to be challenged.

Michelin is conservative. The door of the restaurant it lists must be restaurant. The volume must be traditionally correct. *Michelin* does not look with much favor on the new, lighter, so-called Low-High Cuisine (*Esquire*, June, 1973) now being practiced by many of the Young Turk chefs. On the average, they are rated substantially lower than the traditional chefs. My strong impression is that the old man of *Michelin* are holding back, waiting to see whether the new cuisine will achieve popular approval beyond the acclaim it has already drawn from connoisseurs and professionals.

For its part, *Michelin* sets the rules for the restaurants. Each restaurant must obey or be ignored. The inspectors have internalized these rules to an absurd degree. After a superb dinner in the new starred restaurant of a small hotel in central France, the owner joined me for coffee and related the "little incident" that had cost this restaurant its star.

A few years ago, my father, a rather short-tempered man, was having an argument with his staff about money. He unfortunately lost his patience with them and suddenly one morning closed the restaurant, saying that he would not reopen it until they became more reasonable. On that precise day, as luck would have it, an important-sounding gentleman called up for a reservation for one for dinner. My father said he permitted that the restaurant would be closed for several days. There was a veritable explosion at the other end of the telephone. The voice said that he was an *inspecteur de Michelin* and

that it was an inflexible Michelin rule that a restaurant which was slated to be open on Wednesday must be open on Wednesday. My father explained his staff problem. The inspector told him that that being nothing to do with Michelin and that he would be required to report that the restaurant was not meeting its Michelin obligations. The following spring, our restaurant was dropped from the Guide and, over several years, was not reinstated. The problem, it seems, had nothing to do with our food."

Sometimes, admittedly, it goes the other way. At a country airport in western France, the lovely young wife of the chef/owner told me that, a few months before my visit, an old gentleman with a very self-assured manner had made a telephone reservation for dinner and a room for the night. At table, just as he was serving the tiramisu of crayfish, he became ill and could not eat. She belted him up to his room, brought up a stream of taxi cabs and drove him with urgency. The next morning, recovered, he approached the front desk to pay his bill and noticed instantly that the dinner had not been charged. He insisted that he must pay for it. "No, non, monsieur," said the lovely waitress, "you did not eat it." He produced an envelope. "I am an inspector de Michelin and our rules demand we pay for everything I order." The following spring, the *Auberge* was elevated to two stars in the Guide *Michelin*.

For fifty years Michelin wrote its rules for restaurants and pretty much made them stick. Then came the first serious challenge. The second of the great French five competitors is Le Soci t  P n n n n, K t n-Columbus. Its president, coming out of a famous prominent

restaurant after lunch while on a business trip across France, noticed a car drive up an K t n-Columbus drive. But when the driver got out and walked into the restaurant, he was carrying the red Guide Michelin under his arm. Not good for the president of K t n-Columbus! At that moment, the decision was made to bring forth a Guide K t n-Columbus.

The man chosen to direct and edit the new Guide K t n was Jean Didier, an expert gastronome who was determined that his Guide would not be a carbon copy of the Michelin but would adopt new approaches to restaurant reviewing. Didier believed fiercely in personal judgments on gastronomic matters. He brought out his first edition in 1982 and has been slowly catching up with Michelin every since. Not having the huge Michelin budget, he does without a corps of traveling secret agents. Instead, he relies for his information on a constant stream of reports from "resident correspondents" in virtually every city and town of France, and they are encouraged to express their personal opinions. In his Paris office, he told me: "I have hounded completely the word inspectors. To me it smacks of police supervision. Our policy is to treat restaurants with respect for their independence of mind; anybody would not dream of ignoring a good restaurant, or of dropping it from our pages, just because I had been personally irritated by some quirk of the proprietor."

Because it gathers its information as a local base, the Guide K t n has been steadily "discovering" names and places at the back-street bistros that are patronized by local businessmen and their families, whereas the top specialists of the chef and his best recipes are generally advised a day or two in advance. Didier also believes in leading his readers to small, off-the-beaten-track country restaurants that prepare the specialties of their regions. Traditional high cuisine is not his main concern. He strongly advises his readers to try the humble cuisine, the new Low-Rough Cuisine of the revolutionary young chefs. Because he is less conservative than Michelin, Didier moves faster almost all the time.

In 1986, he gave his highest accolade to the restaurant of the brothers Jean and Pierre Trepoigne, now almost universally accepted as the greatest restaurant of France. Meanwhile, Michelin struggled with itself for another two years, until 1988, before it could overcome its resistance to the supremacy of the Trepoigne setting and award three stars. For its courage, as well as its clarity and speed of decision, I would not travel in France without the K t n alongside the Michelin on the front seat of my car.

Then, just as the inevitable "battles of the critics" was becoming a fascinating addendum to French gastronomic learning, there burst onto the scene a third major candidate for restaurant-rating honors. The brilliant and revolutionary French food critics Henri Gault and Christian Millau brought out their own restaurant guide, not quite as comprehensive as the others—claiming to cover only two thousand restaurants where the Michelin rules more than three thousand—but so sparkling with brilliant, brash, opinionated, satirical and witty commentary that it seems almost to be thumbing its nose at its two predecessors. There was nothing for it, for me, on my recent tour of France, but to take along the three guides and contentedly accept the results. The results are very interesting indeed.

In Paris, if you ask any resident gastronome to name the single summer who is currently most dynamic, most exciting, most inventive, the chances are nine to one that the name would be Jacques Maxime, the chef-owner of the small, bistrot-style Le Patoche on the R ndez-vous Saint-Germain. Jean Didier found him in 1969 and awarded him restaurant the annual Challenge Prix de la Guide *Michelin* as the "discovery of the year."

Naturally, we all tend to Le Patoche and were enchanted. Critic Naomi Berry wrote in 1968 that Maxime's cooking was so extraordinary that "all the professional gastronomes of Paris are part of the Patoche clique." In 1974, Maxime was discovered by Craig Claiborne, who called Le Patoche "perhaps the

most frequently discussed and generally praised restaurant" in Paris and reported that the food "bordered on the sublime." Exactly one week later, Gail Greene jumped onto the bandwagon with the cry that Maxime's food was "refined... bursting... spectacular," the work of a "gastronomic superstar." Last year, critic Joseph Websterg wrote that "heroin cuisine in Paris" regard Maxime as "one of the most brilliant artists on the city's culinary stage," with one dish after another that is "a gastronomic masterpiece."

The K t n gives Le Patoche the equivalent of two stars with the comment: "His cooking is a perpetual exaltation." The Guide *Gault-Millau* awards Maxime its highest rating, equivalent to three stars, calling him in the same gastronomic league as all the top restaurateurs of Paris. Their comment is a burst of praise: "A fabulous cuisine, audacious, fantastic, with incomparable excitement... irresistible to the point of genius..." Maxime at his best is the greatest chef in the world; even at his worst he is still very, very good." Yet for the Michelin, Jacques Maxime does not exist. No stars. Not even a mention of his name in the smallest print.

Neither Maxime nor Michelin will comment on this unbelievable mismatch. But these are rumors around Paris about "the night of the duck." It is whispered that, as evening, an imperious gentleman came to Le Patoche to dine alone. He insisted that he want here Maxime's famous Duck with Green Peppercorns. Maxime, with a full house, agreed to prepare it if the diner did not mind waiting for thirty minutes. The diner promised to wait, but after only fifteen minutes walked into the kitchen and started nagging Maxime. The impatient gentleman got the hot duck and its green-pepper sauce in his face. In between gasps, he screamed, "I am an member de Michelin!" To which Maxime replied, "I very much regret that the duck."

On my latest visit to Paris, I checked up on the current status of Jacques's cuisine. After tasting and relating his *Ch teau d'Amour* with Crayfish and Lobster, Velvet Silver

Liver Stained with Black Truffles, Scallops Stained under Stained *laid on a Bed of Black Caviar Butter*, New *Salmon with Caviar*, I could not possibly have awarded him less than three stars. To be sure, Le Patoche is a very small restaurant, not particularly luxurious, not air-conditioned, with slightly rickety chairs and tables—factors that always loom large in the Michelin mind. But even in Michelin's time, Jacques Maxime deserves two stars.

At Le Restaurant Clovis, in the R tel Windsor, across the corner from the Arc de Triomphe, the chef de cuisine is Daniel Mitry, thirty-year-old Young Turk of the nouvelle cuisine. Trained by the Trepoigne brothers, by Paul Bocuse and by Michel Gu n n, it is sixteen he won the national award as the Best Apprentice Cook of France. He also was chef *succ r* at Momme's. Jean Didier's K t n awards Mitry the rough equivalent of one star and praises his inventions of Pink Pounded on Cedar Vinegar and Princess of Chicken with Lima Beans. The Guide-Michelin also gives him the equivalent of one star and praises his "brilliant fall of inventions... which should soon con-

quer all of Paris." But for the Michelin, Mitry does not exist. No stars. No mention of his name.

From my own visits, I remember with top-ranking pleasure Mitry's remarkably light and simple Low-Rough preparations of Lobster Swimming in a Bonfire, Scallops with Saffron in Their Natural Juice and his quite marvelous M t n de Normande, an irrepressible dessert laced with fruit, honey and rais. For these and the impressive beauty and modernity of his restaurant, another two stars forgotten by the Michelin.

If you drive across central France on the old main highway from Lyon to Tours, you pass through the remote village of St-G r n le-l -P r, where there is a tiny restaurant, housed in a former stable, covered and run by the greatest unknown chef of France, Lucien Berault. When I dined with him not long ago, I ordered him famous Crayfish in Champagne, and in my presence in the kitchen, he poured in a whole bottle of Champagne Dom P rignon, worth about twenty-five dollars. This is one reason why he is known among the gastronomes of the nearby city of Vichy as "the madman perfectionist." He tends to name. His clients take

phone a couple of hours ahead and he tells them what has been brought in by his fishing and hunting friends, what cuts of magnificent Canadian beef are hanging in his freezer. At his right tables it is custom cooking for connoisseurs.

The son of a local poultry chef who once worked under Escoffier at the Ritz, Lucien was specialized in the use of livers in the great chef Robelle in the kitchen of the Majestic in Vichy. Lucien stayed seventeen years and rose to become chef de cuisine. Then he bought the tiny stable and converted it to Chez Sarrazon, which has remained unchanged for thirty-five years.

The Guide Michelin awards Sarrazon the equivalent of one star, the Guide Michelin awards him the equivalent of two. The Michelin, apparently, has never heard of him.

Every dish Lucien has ever

ing the superb cuisine of his cook and owner, Mimi Lescandau. She is one of France's best-kept professional secrets. Her cooking is as precise as the roman. Her fish are caught on the beach at her front door and can come to table fifteen minutes out of the sea. With her ducks and geese from local farmers she makes fine gas from the livers, the famous fat marrow from the sliced breasts, golden confit from the legs and wings, and extraordinary petite and delicate, accompaniments with the local herbs, from the rest of the body for meals are unforgettable in their earthy, natural seasonings.

The Guide Elber awards her the equivalent of one star and *Michelin* says, "Everywhere along the Lescandau coast knows Mimi." The Michelin lists her in its standard book but offers her a star. After looking at Mimi's spit-roasted duck hearts, I would gladly give her two stars. Oh, yes, I forgot Mimi's Part of Plume with Amaranth in its Lescandau. It could easily get her up to two and a half stars.

In the next few weeks I will be back in France with a lengthy list of restaurants impressively star-rated in the Michelin. If you get to any of these ahead of me, let me know what you think.

There is the mysterious case of one of the great chefs of France, Georges Garia, who for more than thirty years owned and ran one of the finest restaurants of Paris, Chez Garia, with a steady two stars. The supreme skill of these hands produced fish after duck of wondrous clarity and precision: Charadeau, a Breton Lobster, Basst Woodcock with Fresh Truffles, Grouse of Croyth. Two years ago, Georges, approaching retirement and hungry for warm southern sunshine, left Paris and opened his semi-retirement lair, *Le Lescandau*, in the village of Solihy-Trois in Provence. There those same hands are producing and serving his classic dishes, plus his own interpretations of some French specialties.

Benoite Garia has moved, Michelin has stripped him of both his

stars and left him as if he were just an ordinary, unknown road-side grill. This is tantamount to saying that he is now too old to maintain his supreme skill. Obviously, from all the reports, that is pure nonsense. I somehow suspect that on my next visit with Georges I will find two more forgotten stars.

Another tantalizing mystery: Ten years ago, the *Restaurant de la Cité d'Or*, in the northern Burgundian village of Saulx, was possibly the supreme three-star restaurant of France. It was owned and run by the chef universally acknowledged to be the greatest maître de cuisine since Escoffier, Alexandre Dumas. About five years ago, when Dumas retired and sold the restaurant to his young disciple Chef François Minot, Michelin at once conservatively reduced the stars to two. Minot was never able to win back that third star, and last year he sold *La Cité d'Or*. The new chef is a twenty-year-old Young Turk of the new Low-High Cuisine, Bernard Lescandau, trained by the Truquet brothers.

Both the Elber and the Guide Michelin maintain *La Cité d'Or*'s two stars. The Michelin has not only removed both the stars but has dropped the famous restaurant from the book. Can it be that they refuse to accept a younger revolutionary of the nouvelle cuisine? When I have sampled Bernard Lescandau's new menu I may just find two more forgotten stars.

In the southwestern village of Cort is a country restaurant with the seductive name *Poma Napoleone* (Napoleon's Farm). The twelfth-century Napoleone here is Chef Jean Niry, who, according to the reports, never fails in these annual questionnaires from guidebooks.

In spite of unanswered letters, Jean Dubois of Elber paid Niry a visit and awarded him the equivalent of one star with the comment: "Although Monsieur Niry apparently does not seem about being in any guidebook, we crown him nevertheless for his superb Souzon as Pagnola cooked over a smoky wood fire." Guide and Michelin praised Niry in a magazine article as a

"discovery of the year." But the unanswered questionnaire was an insupportable problem to Michelin's Club who do not answer Michelin's mail do not get into the book. I propose to seek an audience of the emperor to discover whether his crown should sparkle with one more forgotten star.

Chez Buffet is a country bistro in the village of Juraque, where the chef has the intriguing name Mimi Lescandau. Guide Michelin awards him the equivalent of one star and says: "A charming old country house, delightfully simple, where one is served, at a price that is more than honest, regional specialties that are quite marvelous, on a menu that is astonishing in its abundance . . . with fresh fish gas flavored with apples, fish from the local river, breast of duck, wild mushrooms, local cheese . . ." Both Elber and Michelin have named Chez Buffet. One more forgotten star?

Finally, I shall go back to a delightful and tiny bistro I discovered last year in the small town of Bognac, in the Cognac country north of Bordeaux. It is a true back-street inn, called *Le Capucard*, which can be found at the end of the Rue, because its grand spectacle is the petit gas, the local small snail of the Charentais region known as *le capucard*. The chef is twenty-year-old Jean-Marie Colambier, who prepared for us a memorable one-star lunch. FE admit my delight with *Le Capucard* was distinctly enhanced by the knowledge that it was my own discovery. I may just give *Le Capucard* three stars—one from each of my forgetful guidebooks.

I do greatly admire the Guide Michelin. For more than seventy-five years it has helped us all to eat and live better—an admirable record of service. And I have never found a really bad place falsely praised by Michelin. But it seems to be afraid of snuffing in to a small restaurant where the food is superb, the ambience very simple, rustic and not luxuriously decorated.



able. This is a form of Victorian snobbery which may have been the fashion when André Michelin started his guide at the turn of the century but is no longer valid in these modern times, when an earthy naturalism is the order of the day. Remember that the Michelin is now a venerable seventy-six years old—an age when one prefers acidity to discovery, when one tastes slowly, when one posesses before acting. This is the reason, I am quite sure, why all the restaurants above have been left in the shadow of oblivion by the forgotten stars of Michelin.

One final question, which I am often asked: Will there be, anytime soon, a Guide Michelin for the United States? That brings us right back to where we started—to the fundamental mission of the Guide Michelin. In 1908, the Michelin Tire Company of Lezard, France, New York, made a formal announcement: "The Michelin steel-belted radial tire has been praised in popularity since its introduction into the United States . . . If, therefore, inevitable that consideration would be given to a publication for the United States." Good! But let them send some *premier* inspectors, and let them be a little more adventurous on this side of the Atlantic. ☺

***** THE ESQUIRE GUIDE MICHELIN CORRECTIVE

Naturally, you go to France to eat and, naturally, you depend on the Guide Michelin to tell you where. But if you don't take our list with you next time you go, you'll miss out. For reasons explained in the article, Michelin virtually ignores these marvelous restaurants.

Paris
LE PACTOLE
44, Blvd. St-Germain, 5e
tel. 325-32-22, closed Sat.,
Sun., Feb., Aug., lunch and
dinner. Chef/owner Jacques
Maurice Desverres ***

LE RESTAURANT CLOVIS
4, rue Berthe-Albrecht, 8e,
tel. 227-15-22, closed Sun.,
Aug., lunch and dinner.
Chef de cuisine Daniel
Métayer. Desverres **

St.-Gerand-le-Puy
(near Vichy)
CHEZ SARRAZON
tel. 9, call ahead for
information on days closed.
Chef/owner Lucien
Sarrazon. Desverres ***

St.-Geron-Piage
(near Biarritz)
AU ESCAPE
on the beach, tel. 3-09,
closed Tues. and all winter
except weekends.
Chef/owner Mimi
Lescandau. Desverres **

Free other Michelin-neglected
restaurants to try out are
listed in the article.

Right among the sand dunes of St.-Geron-Piage, on the southern Atlantic coast, you find what looks like a typical Cape Cod shore-dinner shed, called *Au Escape*, serv-



It costs an arm and a leg to eat out!

Restaurants pass on their no-frills costs, labor costs and charges to the middle man... and often the quality of food and service suffers.

Stop being ripped off!

At the elegant **Fengau**, we have a complete dinner daily for \$6.95 and our à la carte prices are just as realistic. Our owner, Jerry Simon, is a landlord, owner of 4, clothes, bookkeeper, and every morning argues with Hyman the butcher at the meat market for the lowest, in fact... *justifiably* middle man!

Go down over about our food... "excellent service and cheap served in an intimate atmosphere." Check our listing in Cue Magazine and compare it with the other restaurants in the area.

PENGUIN

21 West 9 Street, For reservations call 777-2620, but please don't ask for Jerry. He might be in a heated argument with Hyman.

Le Fontainebleau

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★★★ N.Y. Times
Recommended by Gourmet
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Stained-Glass Watergate

(Continued from page 49) poverty, charity and obedience. Conspicuously that takes under more (like the Pullitans) are separate from the exempt order (Cowan 418 and 419), despite some "historical" of privileges by society with the exempt order.

3) Even exempt orders are subject to the local ordinary master in their monasteries, while the local ordinary's jurisdiction (Cowan 419), and the Pullitans have two provinces in Baltimore, including the one that houses St. John's Basilica. Even that shrine is ruled as a breakfast in Pullitans' monasteries, a right to oversee any supervision or performance arising from the use of clergy within the monastery's power.

4) Even exempt orders are subject to restriction by the ordinary if he has "reason to suspect that there exists a failure to comply with his regulations" on the basis of supervision and prohibition (Cowan 420).

5) Ordinances of monasteries after that the one in the order's place of residence may stay or control any "systematic" self-governing, even by exempt religious orders (Cowan 421). Thus, an Archbishop Darwin had to do, if he wanted, ask some other bishop to look into the matter and conclusions have to be made about the matter.

6) The Pullitans are an apostolic order with lay membership in charitable institutions, which is to say that laymen, by contributing money, can join with the clergy in a "spiritual partnership." This is a situation over which laymen have special rights, especially "in the event that abuses are reported" (Cowan 422).

Besides, this is all a dance of legal maneuvering. It is commonly observed that the bishop of a diocese can control a religious order's activities inside his boundaries if he really wants to. Thus, Cardinal Spellman prevented the New York Knights to enter David Berenson to Latin America in the early 1960s. The very next day, he sent the Archbishop Berenson, the president, headmaster of Baltimore's Jesuit high school, denied Philip Berenson the right to speak to students and gave one of his reasons that he did not want to get into trouble with the local ordinary—though the Jesuits are an exempt order with far greater independence than the Pullitans have ever enjoyed to permit them to be exempted from his jurisdiction but because he was asked previous but because he wanted to report previously.

The Archbishop, a man more slightly less confrontational than his predecessor, was obviously provoked by the scandal, but the order of his jurisdiction seemed to be the possibility it had noted and the effect it might have on other exempt religious orders. The "same good," he said, demanded no "confrontation"—it was not investigating the Pullitans. What was added was some degree of control, but inwardly, what? How can we know, until we investigate, what needs remained? Well,

he was going to find that out. But? By study of the order, when it came it was already more delayed when I spoke to him.

But the order was only show certain things. How much money came in and from where? How much was used and to where? It cannot show, for instance, anything about the morality of the persons who gave. And morality is supposed to be the basis of the Archbishop, not high finance. The order was only showing that money given for and not given, money paid for and not paid, or money not lighted. The Archbishop said he would get to the truth about any possible scandal, which is a Church officer, isn't it? (Cowan 423) (he said he was not doing that). What? "It was" Besides, he was pretty sure money had not occurred. Why? Only one reason had said so, to the supervisor, and the Archbishop does not let people who talk to journalists. But, in fact, the line has moved on the confidential-to-the public of investigative journalists, and its reporter cited a source "and other mail services" in the subject of money reports being changed. And the Archbishop said any effort to talk to these sources, themselves Catholics and members of the fund? No. But he asked to Mr. Tamm how would he discover whether they were telling the truth? By asking the Pullitans: "They are not entirely without resources." But according to the source, the ordinary Pullitans priests had no way of knowing about money reports delivered the source they came in. Only Fr. Garwood, who gave the money their instructions, and perhaps Fr. Peter Stuss, who reviewed their work, needed to know about those reports. Given in other words, the Archbishop would ask the source if he had anything wrong, but he would not ask the reporters, whose presence he had already told me he disapproved, so an abuse would have had given it to the newspaper. And indeed, they were never laymen, not priests. The Archbishop became not elegant when discussing the dangers of "persecution" the Pullitans—though members believe he had persecuted laymen who talked to reporters, and shortly afterwards he expressed the heretical groundswell opinion about a priest apparently trying to force the priest to be exempt. Fr. Philip Berenson. (The Archbishop estimated he had never met nor tried to meet Fr. Berenson.)

Yet the Archbishop seemed or he would need to know. He had a point that was drawing up guidelines for charitable donations. I thought he had no power over anyone engaged in that work. Oh, yes, he said, this will surely be significant. All "strong suggestions" all right. What was up with that? Good people. Could he give some money? He is in fact that we trust our rules, working for our good in secret. The law requires that good of the priest's existence and just wanted a couple of his members to reveal the names of the others.



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When I asked the archbishop if he had visited the Publications' workshop and he said he had no power to go there, he added that he might be admitted to a private club. Well, as a private Christian, would he expose himself as the man the Publications had credited themselves in this affair? Did he remember that parishes, even if they were Protestant, were not open to non-Christians, as a defense Christian attitude in *The Acts of the Apostles*? For that matter, did he remember St. Peter's very strong and strong Greek expression when Simon Simon approached him to determine whether he was a Jewish or Gentile for whom? I quoted the passage, which is best rendered: "When you sleep, and you go with it [Acts 4:13]. Aren't there times when that is better Christian reason than has it changed somewhat as far, expressing "disagreement with the late fact as being philosophy?" the Publications? He pointed out that that was just an interpretation of the Bible passage. Oh, yes, and parishes are open to only Protestants, not Catholics.

The photograph in section literature gives the impression that Christ as a figure never grows up in the world. The archbishop seems to think the same is true in darkest America. *

Growing Old

(Continued from page 17) matters again, and I really like, for he is the subject, good, as it is, sitting proudly on the side of our bed with his back to us. I ask myself what we are doing to him. I am sure that we are doing it. The archbishop seems to think we're like him to play himself for a while until we're ready to get up.

"Okay," he says, though he does not seem to mean it. "I am sure, he is always around and with us in the house, sitting on my back, his life as an old man and our own life. It's a little like you go back to the house," he says.

"You're hearing me," says his mother to one of us. "Yes, the lady's face is always between ours."

"That's funny," he says.

"What's funny?" says his mother.

"That's the lady's face," he says. "I was a baby, you didn't want to be like that." On the verge of this remark, he examines the bed.

"Yes, we are the best father and mother," he whispers.

He leaves us without further discussion, coming up the stairs to his own private apartment. We are in silence until he explains his reason.

We are both, for reasons not wholly clear, smiling broadly.

"What are you so happy about?" I ask, a much occasion, as if neither of us has that right.

"What about you? You're the one that's really grown up."

We have been married too long to let the word live slip between us, a word with a history of failing what it adds to progress.

As my wife will allow no answer to speak for her, there can be no report of

her feelings until her own account is published. As for myself, I am experiencing a state of extreme procrastination, my life in danger, the cost of my procrastination will be paid.

"I must not bring a baby around the house," she says.

With the major warning, a marked and rapid descent upon the door with a clatter and presents himself, feet apart, in the center of the room. "The end of the world," he says, in a moment.

"I'm not the boy you usually see in this room."

"You know you're supposed to be a boy," she says.

He scratches his head. "The person that lives here knows that, but I never heard it before. How could I hear it?"

"You're hearing it now," I say.

The Selling of William F. Buckley Jr.

(Continued from page 16) much out for the masses. And then to make it quickly available to the prospective but (best case through an intermediary) that the purpose of the visit is to ask about the book. Thought should be given to what, it is about the book that is of general interest. It is obviously easier for Jacqueline Susann than, say, Alfred North Whitehead. Mr. McGowan was somewhere in between, but he had it pretty easy. He had a story to tell (overlaid), it took a while to tell it (making it possible to interrupt him without killing the narrative), and the victim of the story, Richard Nixon, was very much to the public mind (he was President). McGowan had no problem at all. The book was a paid order sheet in all his offices.

As all authors know, the sales are not in the trade. It is the best of a book when it is sold in the trade. (The notable exception in New York are Andrew Peterson and Barry Farber, whose industry is both exemplary and unique.) These are the best of a book when it is sold in the trade. (The notable exception in New York are Andrew Peterson and Barry Farber, whose industry is both exemplary and unique.) These are the best of a book when it is sold in the trade. (The notable exception in New York are Andrew Peterson and Barry Farber, whose industry is both exemplary and unique.)

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"I'll tell you why I don't have to look," he says, drawing his sword into an imaginary scabbard. "I don't have to look because this is a story I'm making up."

He rubs out, not bothering to close the door, closing it with a bang as an afterthought, some dim impression of the door of his own sword. He turns, no surprise, is content.

"You'll have to hurry," I say.

"There's always something in this life to make you so sure that you are sure to go."

Street gypsies here appear. Like the lady, I see no longer what I see. I will be, I wonder, when he returns?

In the meantime, we conduct our business as if we had an entire independent life of our own. *

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Byron Nelson recommended using your legs to produce proper shots.

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[illegible]

In some towns (Berlin, in Coe's words), "my credibility was challenged"; he told a grim story of how he had been "kicked another in the waste material and head." Two towns rock me hard, he says. Coe quoted himself on saying, "You got the wrong man." According to various press reports, Coe then claimed to have taken refuge in a "cave" and "was not seen" either a soap-woman, a gynecologist, a doctor, a ripped-shed shelter lord or a ball-park hawker, all of whom seemed at one time Coe was taking a shower in a tubhouse or a backyard store. He was "not seen" for a week, he says, "in various reporting accounts for the third weekend." "It was a very strange day. I've always said that a newspaper

Only after his inevitably tense interview did Coe realize that two other officers were also present. He has been angry, naming no names and being vague with details. One man alleged earlier pills are represented as stolen having been snatched at death; the second is said to have confessed and may still be in prison." Though Ochs' embroiled intent they have no reason of their own accord, he says, "I don't think it's fair to say I've found him to be unhelpful or mean, then they'd put me as far harder. There isn't nothing if the police can't do it! If they misinterpret me as far crime like they did Nixon, maybe I'd tell about it." Then in other moments he has said, "Man, I ain't confessing to shit! They lost the hell out of me and I wouldn't confess. Why do you want?"

While Cae may or may not be guilty of murder, he swears he can't guily or have. He shod's start the questions.

My daughter, the tabloid, was the first story. One month later, her father was given a copy by a fellow worker at the factory. "To this day I don't know how they got this information. Some clerk named Christa Lee wrote it. I called 'you and they wouldn't tell me.' From that article she, people started talking about her. They came and ask me and I'd say, 'Yes, I was on death row.' Why?" For her to be a girl to death? But I wasn't going around shooting it. At that point of my life, I never thought I'd be where I am today, never be this popular, or I would have to lead some. It would be if I have to name names, it will ruin my career."

The story is that Carl's so-called kaiso image is no longer all that vital to him. "I've been asked to do a kaiso album," he stated—sort of taken from others who didn't have a story as pronounceable. Nonetheless, he's an accomplished and well-known performer, and he's been taking to old-fashioned country music, to the newer progressive country-and-blue rock—to blue and even to funk. "I've been playing a lot of versatile songs well in several styles, plays a mean guitar, wrote some pretty fine lyrics, but a kaiso producer would be a real pain in the ass," he jokes. "I think David would really change his image. It's on the way now, and all that earlier stuff still won't need it." He's got a new album, *My Heart's Inside All the Goodies*. Great! Toots! Willie Nelson. Wayne Jennings. Hank. Cash. You know your type now, right? "I'm not a racist, but I'm a little more accepting to you."

There, a smack in Coe's nose where he does the pretensions. He is, in fact, one of the few characters who never seems to get the hang of the fun at the expense of an irreverent to draw the old country straight—Ernest Toltz, Ray Asaf, Buck Owens—right up the road Coe and Steve Goodman put together. The only one who does it is that one, that Guy agreed, must have in its final years something about "Mama and Truett and prairie and being drunk." The result was *You Never Know Unless You Try*, by Ray Asaf, a book that is a little like a novel, a little like a collection of short stories: "Well I was dead—oh, day my moon/pot out of prairie/And I went to put me up in the attic/But before I could get to the station in my pickup truck/She got run over by a dinosaur."

Daniel Wilson Cox is a tough, peonzo. He's a man who, by his mother's word, became, went down until the age of seven and by the age of nine knew only the institutional routines of Boys Industrial School. He's entitled to certain confessions about what is real and what is not. I get the notion that whether or not Cox is a killer, he believes he is, believes it as strongly as Howard Chandler Christy believed he was a painter, that even if it's half hope and half fantasy, all sounds and manners, it represents something vital and deep in the crew—something he would like to have done, a necessary crime, striking back

so he can remember. (Cov's private body is a little more than 50 years old, so he's well, snug, shaggy of a younger man, complete with prison-casual manner, under the patches, and obviously patterned in, are the typewritten words: WANTED FOR MURDER. He is not an inmate and he is not a prisoner, though Litvin is proud he is not a criminal, and he is not a cop. Like that, you take him too early and shoot him quick and let him brood in isolation behind bars for twenty years or whatever, and, well, he's actually gonna come out a shade stronger as the rest of us mature & become a bit weaker with very, very few exceptions. Maybe there's a dark look of me that hasn't really matured that yet.

Almost show time in Pasadena. One steps down from the bus into an unseasonably warm February night, squeezing the vaquero of summer's flying creatures and hanges toward Gilly's under a phloerist Tuna moon. "I got arrested twice in one day last week in Nashville," he blurts. "First they bust on me because this club owner down there filed papers to represent my goddamn bus, man. I don't no more like

As the crowd and they grab me for this check I'd write to buy some heroin down in Tennessee. There'd been some sex up about deposits covering packages? I'd all come out in the week, but it's been all over the newspaper. You can stay off write the last song in the world, man, but it's that other shot that makes the papers!"

He is off then, in a last burst toward the stairs, redneck and grampus twining in his wake. In the spotlight, all but

brooding cars seem to drop away; he looks vibrant and full of fresh ideas. merbo, arduous, tough. Almost the last thing he reminds me the make is, "An asshole down in Nashville the other day tried to take my bus away from me, and he didn't know who he was fuckin' with."

to the cleaners and the retail yells, streets and then—scurrying in hand, cowering down on it—she gets her legs going something like Kims used to do, as if dry-humping the world. Yeeeee, lolol, of lustful to back in town. Luck up your women and your money and don't walk on the sidewalk. 

Note

(Continued from page 41) "I led her out," and Don Adams: "Would you believe?"

As late as September, 1978, Jack Shaw's portrait of Robert Graves in *Esquire* magazine bore the title and subtitle:

IF IT LOOKS LIKE SNAKE,
AND SOUNDS LIKE SNAKE,
IT BETTER BE TREATED AS SNAKE.

Or also using *find* as a w

0:30 (2) *Some Kind of a Not* (1941)
Dick Van Dyke starts on a

comedy about a young husband
newman who decides to defy
convention by getting a
beard With Anne Dickman
Oh, how about the triple bill at the
Fulton?

MARY VAN DYKE
 THREE STEPS IN SEARCH OF A BOY
 Jerry Lewis
 THE DUTTY PROFESSOR
 Egan's Voodoo
 DUTTY MAGNETE CHAIRMAN

EDWARD B. STREIBER, JR.

Flamen nuts, according to Guinness, are the world's largest nuts. They weigh 3004 pounds apiece, have an outside diameter of 43½ inches, a 36-inch thread, and are used for securing propellers. Order from Doncaster Moorish Ltd., Qitham, Lancashire, England. No change plates.

It was in 1949 that the U.S., Canada and Great Britain created Unified Thread Standards, which meant that threads would henceforward always be cut right-hand, which meant that a nut would only advance along a fastener when turned in a clockwise direction.

STILL THE SAME.⁹

A nut, in crop, is a type of plant seed or fruit that grows in a woody flower shell. The term is applied both to the meat alone, as in the almond, and to the shell and the meat. Botanically, however, a nut is a hard, dry, one-seeded fruit that doesn't split open at maturity.

Acorns, chestnuts, and filberts, then, are nuts; Brazil nuts are seeds; peanuts are legumes; almonds, coconuts, pecans, and walnuts are drupes. Cheesest wafers, chestnuts are edible tubers; and pine nuts are fruits.

"Hair eaten alone is too great a quantity and is not to be recommended," said a three-hundred-year-old English medical book, "For they are said to be hard of digestion, yet if any one be so much taken with them, that he cannot refrain from them, let him eat Bananas together with them, so that the sweetness of the one may qualify the dryness of the other."

Let us compare your regular hamburger to a veggie:

Protein (gms.)	
1 cup meat peanuts	48
longer	20
Vitamin A (I.U.)	
1 cup chopped black walnuts	304
longer	24
Calcium (mg.)	
1 cup shelled almonds	228
longer	9
Iron (mg.)	
1 cup chopped black walnuts	8
longer	2.7
Fat (gms.)	
1 cup pecan halves	50
longer	27
Cholesterol	
1 cup shelled whole almonds	765
longer	190

Note: are then a healthier food than
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OUTDOORS

by William Hjortsberg

The creature from the lower Yellowstone

A diver's theme of the Japanese "rubber-manster" school of cinema is the creature from the prehistoric past, some giant lizard returned out of the sea to lay waste to Tokyo. Reality is more prosaic. Next to the Loch Ness monster, the earliest most prominent throwbacks are a number of innocuous, if intriguing, fish. Oh, the codfish! comes first to mind, a living fossil raised suddenly from the depths in a traveler's net, but there are others as well: primitive sharks, sturgeon, alligator gar and the unlikely paddlefish.

The piddiefish is found in only two places on earth, the Mississippi River and its tributaries, and the Yangtze drainage in China. The American version is somewhat smaller than the twenty-foot Chinese oddity, but at one hundred pounds or better it is definitely not a small fish. Pesticides, dams and industrial waste have limited the once numerous piddiefish in more settled areas, but in the Mississippi and Yellowstone rivers in eastern Montana the creature still thrives.

Intake, Montana, was the site of last year's paddlerfish derby. Sponsored by the Glendive Chamber of Commerce, it was for six weeks, from late May to early July; grand prize: \$100. Intake, located within miles north of Glendive, Montana, is the site of an old diversion dam on the Yellowstone River; on the weekends, dozens of fishermen gather along the banks to try their luck on the giant paddlerfish. A member of the Glendive Chamber of Commerce wearing a hot dog salesman's change apron waddles up and down the shoreline hawking one-dollar tickets to the local derby.

Sverreid William Hjortberg lives in Montana. His last book, *Toro! Toro! Toro!*, is available in paperback from Ballantine.

the liberation of opening day in a Melbourne neighbour. Several boatloads of anglers, surrounded steerskin, hack the boffer current below the diversion dam. So many flies are in the water at once that tangled feet-on are inevitable. "We've got one and... we've got one out!" I hear a shout. "I've got one!" I hear another shout. I've got one too, but I'm too busy fiddling with my fly to know it. I'm too busy fiddling with my fly to know it. I'm too busy fiddling with my fly to know it.

The paddlefish is a primitive animal with a cartilaginous skeleton and a scissorlike bill in place of a spinal column. Its two-foot-long spatulate bill and toothless mouth give it the absurd appearance of Daffy Duck. This strange beast is a handy food, since the paddlefish is a voracious, filtering macroscopic plankton from the water; it uses the enlarged sense organ to locate food. Because there are no fishing lures that imitate plankton, the only way paddlefish can be caught is by snagging. Large treble hooks are used.

often in pairs, along with fifty- to eighty-pound-test lines and weight sinkers. One-inch rope sleeves and discolored spark plugs are favored sinker substitutes at Istake. Anything that will bring the line down deep in the fast-moving current is acceptable. The technique is simple: a fisherman casts far out into the stream and drags the bottom, ex-

travelling his line with a series of emphatic jerks, a method that incorporates all the finesse of dredging for drowned corpses with grappling irons.

Anglers accustomed to thinking of the Yellowstone as a trout stream will be disappointed with the water at Intake. It is broad and, in the spring, the color of chocolate pudding. Much too warm a river for trout here, the paddlefish's northerners are the sauger, the burbot, the sturgeon and the channel catfish.

STC has a nice spot for an outing. The Fish and Game Department has provided a fishing access, complete with boat ramp and picnic tables. There are cottonwood trees for shade and the springtime hills are fairly green. It's a good place to bring a wobbler full of ice and six-packs along with a portable radio and a couple of folding lawn chairs for relaxation in between snagging bunkers. This is down-home angling at its very best.

Although the peddlerfish has been a Montana resident for over sixty million years, it was added to the state's list of game fish only in 1966. In spite of its unfortunate appearance, the peddlerfish has been largely ignored (except for occasional mention in official records) and a spate of commercial fishing around the turn of the century; from the time Bernardo da Soto reported seeing the first one until 1962, when a Glendive angler snagged something weird at Intake. Within a week, sixty more were caught and word of the "mystery fish" began to spread.

Americans love the mysterious. Hundreds of Mystery Spots, Mystery Houses and Mystery Caves crisscrossed the highways along with rock shops and pebble gardens. Ph.D. candidates took "Big Foot" and his squashes through the high Sierras. P.T. Barnum once bombarded the nation with a crude mammoth manufactured from monkey parts and a fish tail. So the popularity of the prehistoric paddlefish should come as no surprise.

The Glendive Chamber of Com-

marco's literature likes to compare the action at Lake with the excitement of ocean fishing: (a) paddler put out by the Bear Jag lovers says, "It fights awfully," exploding into the air and dancing on the tail"; but the truth is that landing a paddler is roughly equivalent to pulling any huge weight off the bottom. A loosely sail-baited marlin might be hard to reel in, but it would not be described as a tackle bomber.

The attraction of paddlefish, aside from the novelty, is the amount of meat you get to put in the freezer. Properly cleaned, two-to-five percent of the fish's total weight is edible, and with novices, processors being caught each week and a two-day limit, one lucky day can take care of Friday nights for a year. Paddlefish have no true bones, so after the notched and extruded have been removed, skins with the dark reddish layer of flesh under the skin, it's time to cook for the tartar sauce. As with anything delicious, from skate wing to scotchbone, paddlefish meat is said to taste like scallops.

Aside from a tide-pool encounter with a herosessie crab (a remarkable three-hundred-million-year-old cousin of the scorpion and scud crab), we did have a few other encounters. One was with a fisherman acquaintance with a living fossil. Since the fossil was hatched in 1858, fewer than thirty specimens have been produced. Sturgeon are more numerous, but spawning season is on the wane. I was surprised to learn about the gar, the least odd the better; more short, as we've at times, than other greater diversity; neither less than their 'no' cookbooks; they bear no resemblance to seallops. This leaves the curious paddlefish, the nearest thing to a trophic level, a fisherman. They're brown and red, or the drab, brown, a Japanese horror movie is very odd kitchen. *

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